TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 41 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 93

Around Town.

The strike of the London dock laborers should bring an awakening to the people of England, who must understand that a hundred and fifty thousand starving men driven from work by the greed of corporations cannot always be trusted to behave in the orderly and almost exemplary manner characteristic of the present crisis. The element of ruffianism which joins strikes and endeavors to persuade the peaceable and law-abiding to acts of violence will some day prevail, when to their agitation is added the feeling in the hearts of the strikers that they are being hopelessly oppressed, and that in law there is no remedy which they can seek. When such a feeling is once engendered, men are apt to hold law in contempt and proceed to defy it. The strike for sixpence an hour does not mean, in the event of the agitation being successful, that a man will be able to live in luxury. A rankling sense of bitterness, of the debts they have incurred, must make the men sullen and revengeful, and if affairs are so conducted in a city of over five million people, where there is so much such material calculated to follow incendiary leaders, a time of trial may cause such an outbreak in the metropolis of the world that nations will tremble to read of it. The police, constabulary and dragoons would be totally unable to hold it in check, and the feeling of confidence we have in contemplating such a disturbance as the present one, is nothing but an abiding belief in the good sense and law abiding impulses of the Englishman.

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The other day a friend of mine inquired, "Do you believe in dreams?"

"Believe in dreams? How do you mean? I believe that everybody is more or less addicted to dreaming."

"But," persisted he, "do you believe that dreams ever come true?"

"No, of course not, except by accident, but one thing I am positive of, there is no greater bore on earth than the person who is continually insisting on telling one his dream." The next night I happened to have a particularly horrifying dream, one of those "old he ones"—which nearly scared me to death, and when I woke out of it in the gray of the morning I fell into a soliloquy on dreams which, at the risk of being tiresome as the experience of the dream-teller generally is, I will proceed to relate.

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Who is there who has not spent innumerable hours lying in bed half asleep and half awake faintly remembering the dreams of the night. The memory of dreams is the most unreliable thing one can conceive of, and the chief part of it seems to be the recollection of a moment of supreme terror, not that all dreams are terrible because many of them are pleasing, but the latter leave but a faint picture as dim as the thoughts of many, many years ago. I suppose the dreams of people differ as their lives do. The men who labor with their hands and are physically weary, the women who wash and iron and toil in the kitchen or factory, return to their daily tasks in their nightly dreams, and the blissful part of dreaming bears the same relation to the painful part of it which their thoughts of beautiful and sentimental things do to their ordinary tasks. None of us ever see supernatural things. We may dream of heaven or the other place, and our dreams are but the rapid and incongruous reproduction of the ideas with which we have stored our minds. I imagine that business men dream of terrible commercial crashes, and the climax makes them dumb with terror. Lawyers dream of cases in which unanswerable arguments are sprung upon them before the learned judge. The doctors and druggists have visions of giving the wrong medicine and seeing their patients expire. As far as I can learn, however, everyone has a special line of dream, a special dream which comes to them whenever they are in a certain physical and mental condition. I utterly detest railroad traveling. I hate the sound and sight and smell of a railroad train. The most luxuriously appointed Pullman makes it simply a little less of an abomination. For this reason I suppose when I am in my most woful moods I am, in my sleep, traveling interminably in the caboose of a freight train, or in an overcrowded coach with a lot of fighting emigrants. There is a railroad station somewhere in the Land of Nod, at which it seems to me I have spent nearly half my life. About a mile away on another road there is another station; I have been trying to get from one of these places to another for twenty years. I have walked, run, fallen in all kinds of ditches, met with the most astounding adventures, engaged every animal known in the circus or to natural history while trying to catch that train. I have ridden on elephants, kangaroos, dromedaries, mules, race horses, steers and wild hogs over that mile of dreamland corduroy, but the journey has never yet been successfully accomplished. This is one of my stock dreams.

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It is wonderful what a place death has in one's dreams, significant of that frequent simile of the likeness between sleep and death. I presume the majority of people have had the pleasant experience of gazing at their own corpse in their dreams, or preparing for being hanged, shot or drowned. Physicians say there is nothing that so nearly approaches death as the dream of falling, of the terrible sensation of going down, down, down, and then wakening up with a scream. They say that if one keeps at that sort of thing long enough one never wakes at all; he dies. Then again, poverty is another catastrophe which happens frequently. My second stock dream is of being down at the heel, far from home and in search of employment, of course always failing utterly. There is a cheap boarding house in the mystic city which, I presume, is capital of the Land of Nod, with the door bell and interior of which I am as familiar as if I had lived there all my life, I have so often painfully waited in the dingy parlor, and slid off the shiny haircloth sofa in trying to find a comfortable place between the bulging springs. I know the pattern of the dirty carpet, the style of the dishes on the soiled tablecloth, the figures on the paper in the bedroom where I am always lodged. I have got so used to it that even in my dream I think as I sit on the edge of the comfortless bed, reckoning up the days since I had anything to do or had been able to get outside of a square meal, that I say cheerfully to myself: "Well, here I am again." If ever I strike a house like that in real life I think I shall have a fit.

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It passes all understanding how one's dreams should so often be on the run, while again one can neither walk nor crawl away from some fatal spot, or why it is that one should be paralyzed in the presence of a fierce dog or runaway horse, awful avenger, the highwayman or the stage robber who is always approaching with such deadly speed. Even when you dream that you are dreaming a dream the awful spell is always upon one and one's feet refuse to move in flight. Strange isn't it, how in a most uneventful life one's dreams should be full of such blood-chilling episodes. Happily there is another phase. Faces and scenes almost forgotten, how quickly they pass before one in the wonderful photography of fifteen minutes' slumber. Isn't it wonderful that a man's past life will insist on parading itself in the twenty winks of an after dinner siesta, or how even nodding over a newspaper that some strange event should surround one like a cyclorama and instantly fade away when a fly nibbles at one's ear. It is mighty fortunate that our thoughts cannot travel at such a pace when we are awake or that memory has not the power of intruding a procession of imps and fairies while we are occupied with our daily tasks.

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Yet it is the same mind sleeping and waking, the only difference being that when one is awake the will directs the thought, guides the impulses, restrains the passions or encourages them. The fact that when the will is active, it would seem that even a great watchful Providence would be unable to preserve us for an hour. When one looks back at the awfully significant and picturesque dreams one has had, and calculates the horrors of the moments he has endured, he finds that nothing in our waking life begins to compare with them. Therefore, if despondent people, whose will has been broken by misfortune or affliction, were to understand this, and that the thoughts of coming evils, destitution, affliction or death, are quite as unreliable and as unlikely to become realities as dreams are, they would take fresh courage, brace up their will and banish their dreadful notions. Unless, however, they succeed in reinstating their will at the helm of their ship, their life will be the same jumble of incongruities and misfortunes as their dreams are. There, too, is a suggestion to the over-sanguine, to the careless and the lazy, those who indulge in idle reverie and fanciful day-dreams, that these would be absent if their will were stronger and not almost as much inclined to take a holiday in the daytime as it is at night.

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Thought without the guidance of the will is chaos. No matter how much brains a man has he is unsuccessful unless he has a strong will. A brainy man without a will is like a ship that is carrying a great deal of sail but without a helm. A man at the helm of a big ocean steamer has a definite purpose to which everything else is subordinated, and the helm is but the little thing which makes everything bend to his will. If he had no will the helm would be no good. No matter how handsome, how clever a man may be, if he has not the will power to guide himself he will be a ship without a helm. Rocky shores never rush out to meet a ship, reefs and precipices stand always in the same places waiting to see the wreck of any bark that is dashed into their unyielding embrace. The winds blow, the stars shine, the beacons, the lighthouses are there for everyone without distinction. Everything depends on the brain of the well-equipped captain and how he chains the elements to follow his will.

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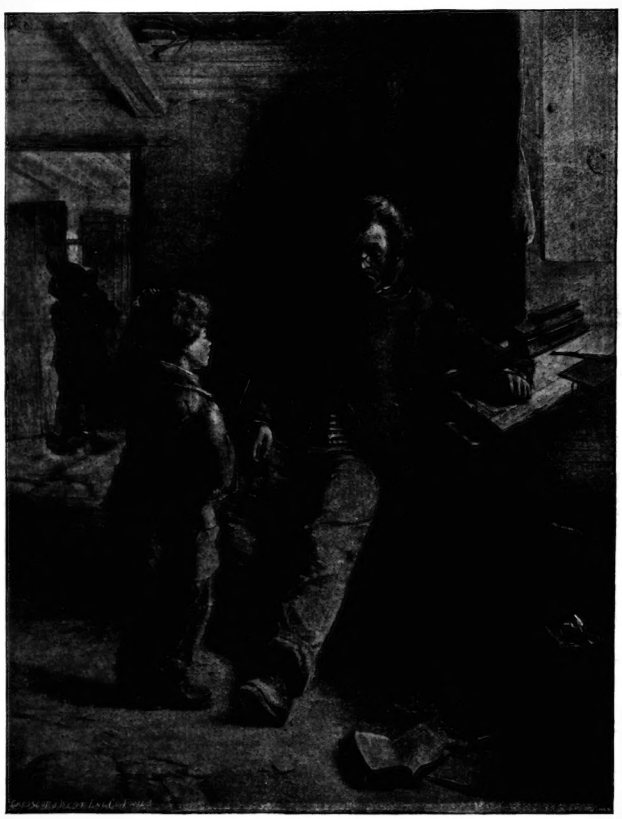
I should suppose a man looking over an unsuccessful and careless life would find it very much like a dream. He might not know how to account for it, but if his will did not guide him into the places where his brain had decided he should go he had not been really living, but dreaming. The preachers tell us that God never launched a mariner on life's sea and held him accountable for the success of his voyage without giving him knowledge of how to reach port and will enough to get there. The only trouble appears to be that there are so many attractions, so many chances of having fun by not going straight to shore that the majority of those at the helm of their little life enterprise get into a sea of difficulty in which are the rocks of passion and allurement before they feel inclined to seek the harbor of refuge which was once so near, but which before they have really made an effort to reach it has become almost inaccessible. Then it follows if one wishes to make his life a complete and coherent story, if one desires pleasant thoughts, high ambitions and noble achievements and holds them preferable to the inconsequent and disquieting fragments of an unguided life, he has but to bend his will to the purpose and bend his conduct to his will. In the successful life the will rules the passions and the efforts of the man. When pleasure, idleness or passion usurps the throne of the will the horrors and the pleasures of dreaming are become actualities in a ruined life, and the history of such a life is as worthless for the guidance and amusement of others, as tiresome to sensible people as the relation of a silly dream.



BOTH PUZZLED.

The Canadian Legion at its last meeting passed a resolution asking its executive committee to communicate with the City Council with regard to the holding of a summer carnival next year beginning on Dominion Day. Remembering how much this Association contributed to the success of the Dominion Day demonstration by using its organization to assist the Citizens' Committee and the City Council, and also taking into account its timely agitation of the proposed festival next year, it is easily seen what a small association—and the Legion at present makes no pretence to be anything else—can do towards promoting beneficial municipal and national ideas. An association always on the watch for an opportunity of doing good in this way cannot but be useful. As to the carnival itself, I have spent considerable space in suggesting early action in the matter and those arguments need not be repeated. But as the matter has become sufficiently advanced for the Hamilton newspapers to go into hysterics of opposition, and for one at least of the Toronto journals to debate the question whether we should have it at all, lest it interfere with the Industrial Fair, it might be just as well to point out that Hamilton on one hand is neither the inventor nor proprietor of the carnival business, and on the other hand that the Industrial Fair is sufficiently well established and popular to take care of itself. Hamilton was not the only Canadian city that held a carnival this summer, nor was it the first, and if it had been both, it does not follow that Toronto should not have one next year if it sees fit. Hamilton people seem to think we ought to be satisfied with the Industrial Fair, and not try to rob from the Mountain City its one little ewe lamb of an idea. At first the Hamilton newspapers whined when Toronto began to talk carnival. Now they have become abusive, but it won't make any difference. When we have a carnival it will be such a big one that Hamilton's praiseworthy attempt will be forgotten. They did extraordinarily well, but they have not the people, nor the city, nor the means to run it on a grand scale, as Toronto should, if attempted at all. There is nothing to prevent Hamilton from having another carnival next year or one every month if they want to, and their anger simply shows that they know if Toronto takes it up the Ambitious City will have to climb its own mountain and be a hermit till our show is over.

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The *Globe* thinks we "cannot have the carnival in June because the weather is uncertain, while in July country people would be too busy to attend and August is too near the Industrial Exhibition time." I don't think there has been any suggestion that it should be held in either June or August. So far those who have interested themselves in the matter had no other idea than that it should begin on the First of July for the proper and patriotic celebration of Dominion Day on a scale heretofore never attempted in Canada. It is possible that some of the country people would be too busy to attend. They can reserve their Toronto trip for the Industrial Fair and they are the ones who are the principal patrons of the Exhibition. The carnival Toronto should inaugurate next year should be calculated to attract American visitors from all over the Union, should be advertised in the winter and kept before our neighbors until it takes place. We could thus hope to fill the city with tourists, Canadians and Americans, and to benefit enormously by their presence. More than this, Muskoka and all Canadian pleasure resorts, railroad and steamship companies could hope for a tourist patronage, which of recent years has been decreasing particularly in this vicinity. It is not a purely selfish scheme. It would advertise not only Toronto but our Dominion. Winter carnivals have caused an impression to go abroad that this is a winter country and that our summer was properly described by the Yankee who said "the Canadian winter is twelve months long with a couple of weeks in July when the sleighing ain't very good, and they call that little thawin' spell summer." A great summer carnival in Toronto would be a patriotic project though Toronto may be considered entirely selfish in endeavoring to establish it. The idea is to make it especially attractive to the town people of Canada also. They have their leisure when the farmers are busiest, and they are the ones who buy more goods when they are in the city in a day than the farmers would in a week. It is not so very long ago that it was the idea of well-to do people somewhat distant from this city that they were doing very nicely if they came to Toronto once in five years. Recently they have calculated to come at least once a year on pleasure if for no other purpose, and it is not unreasonable that we can make the city so attractive that twice a year will not satisfy them. Ultimately they will make their home in the only really attractive city in the province, attractive because of its pre-eminent educational, commercial, manufacturing and social features. There is no question but the carnival should be held next year, and it should begin on the First of July.

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Balfour's suggestion that the Salisbury government will offer a Catholic university as a sop to the Irish Nationalists is very properly meeting with the bitter opposition of all the Irish Protestants and British Radicals. It is suspected that a most indefensible bargain has been made between the Government and the Roman Catholic Church whereby in payment for this sectarian university, the priests are to be detached from the Nationalists' cause and Home Rule deferred if not

defeated, for without the countenance of the priests, the Land Leaguers and Nationalists, for a time at least, would be hopeless and helpless. When Mr. Gladstone proposed a measure of Home Rule for Ireland he distinctly stipulated, in order to protect Irish Protestants, that an Irish Parliament should not have power to use public moneys for the endowment of religious orders or institutions. That the Salisbury Government should go further than this and offer to endow a Catholic university is astonishing, for while Home Rule on Mr. Gladstone's line could be defended as progressive, Mr. Balfour's proposal must be condemned as re-actionary and reprehensible. The disestablishment of the State Church in the British Islands is not very far off. Every British impulse outside of the aristocracy, every page of British history point to this as a reform which cannot be much longer delayed. The Catholics no doubt suffered severely under the Established Church of Ireland and the penal laws, but now they have been relieved from these things it is outrageous that instead of entirely ridding Ireland of any connection between Church and State it is proposed to saddle the people with a Roman Catholic university. No wonder the Protestants of the north are angry at the Government they have so fiercely supported or that the Radicals who are opposed to to any connection between church and state are disgusted with the Nationalists, to whom they have so long been true, that they show a disposition to accept this miserable bribe given to the church which in return for the university is undoubtedly expected, to a certain extent at least, to be false to its old Nationalist ideas. I have always been a Home Ruler and contended that Irish Home Rule would not mean Rome rule. I believe there are a large number of Protestants who have felt the same way. What are we to think of the National party if they accept such a proposition as Balfour has made? I am not a Home Ruler if Home Rule means the establishment in Ireland of Roman Catholicism as a state religion or if the Nationalist party is in favor of a state church anywhere under the British flag, and I must certainly admit that the cloven-hoof is beginning to peep out in this union of Nationalists with the English re-actionists in favor of the abolition of non-sectarian education. If I were to have my choice as to whether the priests should rule Ireland as sympathisers with the people or as agents of a Tory aristocracy I would say leave Ireland as it is and the people will be better off.

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On the other hand Balfour and his allies need not imagine that their move is so astute as it may appear. We know in Canada that the priests have succeeded in Quebec by following the Nationalist and racial ideas of the people, that they have in fact fomented discord between the two races in that country, shrewdly recognizing the fact that if they are the leaders of the people in racial matters it is very easy indeed to continue to rule in religious matters. This is also true in Ireland. The peasant priests of that country have been the leaders, or if not the leaders the ardent sympathizers, of the Nationalists, and have thus succeeded in making the Irish people the most Catholic nation on earth excepting alone the French-Canadian. Balfour may succeed by dickering with the Pope to partially separate the priests from the people, but the separation will only be partial, and the people will thus learn to suspect the *bona fides* of their religious leaders, and cease to regard their restraint. The agitation will go on as before, more hopelessly and, therefore, perhaps more lawlessly. The people may become less Catholic, but they will never become less national in their feelings. Rome will lose many adherents, the Nationalists but few. The Radicals, though disgusted, will still work with the Nationalists to bring about the reforms they mutually desire. Home Rule may be a little further off, but the delay will but ripen the feeling in Great Britain that when it comes it shall not mean Rome rule. The priests are now talking about the benefit of a Catholic university as opposed to the "godless colleges" but they may have yet to regret that they did not prefer the "godless colleges" to godless parishioners. And such will be the tendency in every parish if the Nationalists learn to suspect the good faith of their spiritual advisers. Altogether it seems to me a bad piece of business.

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Hon. G. W. Ross is of course keeping dark as to the successor of Prof. Young. It would be better if the University Senate had more and the politicians less to say in such matters. As it is now the Minister of Education is really Czar of the institution. DON.

Social and Personal.

Who would believe that old Niagara would come forth from her time-hardened shell of quiet, and array herself in the garment of gaiety that has made her so conspicuous and so popular during the last week, especially to so many of Toronto's most charming families. The Tennis Tournament at the Queen's Hotel, which was, of course, and as usual, the center of all the gaiety, well deserved the attendance of youth and beauty which adorned the beautiful grounds of the Royal on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Owing to one or two disappointments — the non-appearance of Mr. Casimer Dickson, and Mr. Wood of London, both of whom played so well in the tournament last year, among them — the matches were not as complete as they would have been had all those who entered been present, but notwithstanding their absence the play was remarkably exciting, and quite deserved the unstinted applause so readily given by the spectators. Mr. Gordon McKenzie, the great light in the Toronto tennis world, and Mr. Tanner, the champion of Buffalo, both delighted the onlookers with their play, the representative of the Stars and Stripes carrying off nearly every prize, after a hard and most exciting contest. Aside from those two, the play of Mr. Harry Gamble of Toronto, and that of Mr. Folkes of Niagara Falls deserves special mention, and if the wishes and the captivating smiles of many a fair one could have won for the latter the games he fought so hard and so well for, most undoubtedly he would have gone from the scene of his efforts laden with spoils. The match between Mr. Tanner and Miss Steadwell of Buffalo, against Miss French, also of Buffalo, and Mr. Folkes, which resulted in a victory for the former, was particularly enjoyed, the quick play and graceful movements of both young ladies eliciting many compliments from both sexes. The attendance on Thursday was rather small. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. F. Geddes, Mr. A. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Gay of Buffalo, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Miss Alice Baldwin, Miss L. Chaffey, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, the honorary secretary, Capt. R. G. Dickson, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mr. Senkler, and Rev. E. Stewart Jones, D. D.

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Friday found the same persons present, with the addition of fascinating little Miss McGillvray, of Chicago, who became so well known and so deservedly popular in her readings and recitations at the entertainments of the Niagara Chautauqua Assembly last month; Miss Moffatt of Buffalo, who looked charming in blue and white, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Griffith of Fort Erie, in a most becoming costume of cream and crimson, Mr. Houston, Sec. of Trinity College, Miss Nora Huntington, Miss Milloy, Mr. W. Lansing, Miss Julia Watt, Rev. J. C. Garratt, Miss Connie Jarvis, Rev. Canon Arnold, Miss Arnold, Miss Madeline Geale, Rev. J. Ardill of Fort Erie, Miss Heward, Miss Edith Heward, Rev. Owen Jones, D. D., of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Gay, Mr. Pauw, Mr. J. Geale Dickson, Mr. Cox of St. Catharines, and Mr. Grant Stewart.

Saturday the Toronto and Hamilton yachts, and the steamer Cibola brought upon the scene Mr. Arthur Scott, Mr. Mossum Boyd, Mrs. Brook, Mr. George Brook, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Ross, Miss Smith, Mrs. Foy, Mr. R. Moffatt, Miss Katie Crawford, Mrs. Ayr, Mr. and Miss Ayr, Miss Rutherford, Mr. Fraser Dixon, Mr. Patterson and many others, among them the dark young man who caused so much amusement to some of the yachtsmen, and those near enough to hear, by so persistently claiming acquaintance with the fair Toronto belle who had never even seen him before. The Tennis Tournament ended with the match between Miss Steadwell and Miss French, and great credit is due Mr. D. B. Macdougall and the hon. secretary, Capt. R. G. Dickson, for the trouble which they took to make the tournament the decided success which it has been.

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Perhaps the most thoroughly enjoyable of all the gaieties of the week was the German on Friday night. Mr. Evans of Buffalo (who undertook the entire management of the dance itself) assisted by Mr. S. Morrison, Mrs. Temple and some of the ladies of the hotel, decorated the long ball room most artistically with flags, golden rod and Chinese lanterns, the effect amply repaying them for their trouble. I was unable to obtain the names of all those who took part, but some of them were: Miss Ayr, Miss Katie Sawin, in black satin; Mr. and Miss Fox of Berlin, who are the guests of Miss Sawin; Miss A. Heward, Mr. Colin Milloy, Miss Milloy, who looked exceedingly handsome in a costume of black net; Mr. and Mrs. Gay, Mr. Pauw, Mr. Folkes, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Traverse of Berlin, Mrs. Temple of Cincinnati, who wore a very handsome dress of black net embroidered with blue silk; Mr. Smith of the Queen's and Mr. Grant Stewart. Many of the costumes worn were unusually handsome, perhaps the two most strikingly pretty being those of Miss Allie Heward and Mrs. Gay, both of whom appeared in pure white, the latter looking marvelously fair and bewitching in satin, while Miss Heward's was of lace, with white watered silk sash, white gloves, and white water lilies. Dancing was kept up until nearly three o'clock. Miss Heward's number of favors exceeded any of the others by two, Mr. Tanner drew the gentlemen's prize, and greatly to the satisfaction of her many admirers, Miss Milloy carried off the ladies' prize which was a very pretty oxydized silver brooch.

The gay week ended with the hop on Saturday night, which was simply a crush. Among the many who helped to swell the giddy throng I noticed: Mrs. J. O. and Miss Heward, Miss Milloy, the Misses Paffard, Mr. Small, Miss Roberts, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Mossum Boyd, Miss Edith and Mr. Gordon Heward, the Misses Russell, Mr. Pauw, Mr. F. and Miss Geddes, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Smith, the Misses Strathy, Miss Ruthven, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Strathy, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Miss Herchmer of New York, Miss Alexander of Grimsby, Mr. Nelles, Miss Powe of Chera, South Carolina. Among a party from St. Catharines I noticed: Miss Munro, Judge and Mrs. Senkler. Fort Niagara was represented by Major, Mrs. and Miss Page and a party of officers. Among the Toronto faces I also noticed: Mr. Norman Macrae, Mr. S. Morrison, Mr. R. Moffatt, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Ross, Mr. Fraser Dixon and many others. Among such a number of fair ones there were naturally many favorites, a few of them too markedly so to leave unmentioned were: Miss Henderson in a most becoming costume of mauve; Miss Allie Heward who looked very pretty in black net; Miss Munro in an exquisite dress of white tulle and satin; Miss Alice Paffard looking more sweetly pretty than usual in black net and natural flowers, and Miss Amy Strathy, whose charming wit and faultless step always ensure her a full programme and many admirers.

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The news of an engagement which has been announced in the daily papers, namely, that of Lieutenant-Governor Angers of Quebec to Mrs. Hamel, has caused considerable interest here. Mrs. Hamel has many friends in Toronto, and, if I am not mistaken, resided here for a time previous to her first marriage.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and the Misses Merritt of St. George street return to town next week. These ladies have been spending the summer in Halidimand county, at a house they have recently acquired on Lake Erie.

Mr. and Mrs. McCullough of John street have returned from Penetanguishene.

Mr. J. M. Boddy of London, England, is one of the trans Atlantic visitors to whom the best of introductions have given a warm welcome here. Mr. Boddy has left for British Columbia.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Saunders of Torquay, England, are staying with friends on St. George street. As a member of the Devon County eleven, and also of the M. C. C., Mr. Saunders was at one time well-known in cricketing circles in England.

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And talking of cricket. What a happy thought it was of certain ladies who frequent the pretty grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club to challenge the members of the club to a match at their own game! When it was known that a match was to be played on Friday last between eleven members of the T. C. C. and eleven ladies, the agreement being that the former were to field, bowl and bat with "the hand nearest the heart" only, very much interest was excited in the event. Many of the sex came to the grounds to applaud their sisters' efforts, and instead of the cold beef and ale to which cricketers are accustomed, the space under the trees at the northern end of the field was turned into a charming drawing-room, where five o'clock tea was served with all its usual accompaniments of chatter and flirtation. So successful a venture should be repeated, and that soon.

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A notice of the above event in a daily paper named the goodly array of spectators who witnessed it "a large and fashionable audience." Now, the use of this word is common with sporting correspondents concerning the attendance at cricket, baseball, regattas, etc., and is, I am sure, irritating to many people besides myself. The slightest knowledge of Latin shows that an audience is an assembly for the purpose of hearing. Surely those who attend our outdoor sports go rather to see than to hear.

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Commander Lockwood of Sydney, N. S. W., was in town last week, and is one of the many of his compatriots who have this summer taken Canada *en route* to Great Britain. If this gentleman is a fair sample of these travelers, it is regretable that so few of them have made any stay in Toronto, for in a few days Captain Lockwood made many friends.

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Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin arrived in town this week, having sailed from England in the steamship Vancouver.

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Mr. Edward Hubbard and Miss Hubbard of Carlton street leave next week for England by the White Star Line from New York. Mr. and Miss Hubbard propose to spend the winter on the continent, probably at Dresden.

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Hon. Oliver Mowat, Mr. John Hoskin, Q.C., were amongst the Torontonians who came home in the Vancouver, both these gentlemen arriving in town on Monday.

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After an absence of nearly a year in England and on the Continent of Europe, Mrs. George W. Yarker and the Misses Yarker are once more in their house on Beverley street. Mrs. Yarker's hospitality was always so graceful and so abundant that her departure left a void in society. Both socially and personally this lady's popularity is unbounded, and to many people who, being away from town, will not have heard of it, the announcement of her return will be the best of news.

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The Misses Larratt-Smith of Rosedale sailed last week from Montreal to England. The return of these ladies is not expected until the spring.

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Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth of London, Ont., are among the present guests of the Hon. Beverley and Mrs. Robinson at Governor's Island, Lake Joseph.

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Several Toronto people have gone to Montreal to assist in the festivities which are taking place there in honor of the visit of Her Majesty's ships Pylades and Tourmaline. Although as compared with many of the enormous line-of-battle ships which took part in the late Portsmouth review, these men-of-war are no doubt comparatively insignificant and out of date, yet in the eyes of those who have never seen a warship they are extraordinarily powerful and of the greatest interest. The hospitality of sailors is a byword and the fortunate who obtained invitations to the ball on the flagship, say that for such an event, there is no place like a British man-of-war. I am told that Vice-Admiral Watson is expected in Toronto in a week or two for a short visit.

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Capt. Mucaulay of Montreal was in town last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lamb have returned to town. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who have thoroughly done the French exhibition, came direct from France, in La Bretagne of the French transatlantic company.

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*

The Ladies' Local Reception Committee for the A. A. A. S. desire to thank Mrs. Foster of Erlescourt, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Wilkie, Mrs. John Hoskin, Miss May Jones, Mrs. H. H. Cook, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. G. I. Cook, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Carrol, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mr. Robert Davies and Mr. J. D. Day for their kindness in sending carriages for the purpose of driving the members of the A. A. A. S. about Toronto during their recent visit. It has been fully appreciated both by the Ladies' Committee and by the visitors themselves, who were thus enabled to see and realize the size and beauty of Toronto and its surroundings. Thanks are also expressed to Ald. Dodds for placing a number of carriages at the disposal of the Ladies' Committee daily, and for having the route specially watered before the drive took place.

*

On Friday afternoon of last week Mrs. W. H. Beatty invited the members of the association to an At Home, and a large number found their way to the pleasantly situated grounds in Queen's Park. Seats were scattered about the lawn, and over the tennis-court; and pretty girls whose fathers were scientific, and girls who weren't pretty and whose fathers weren't scientific, wandered over the well cut lawn, chatted down by the refreshment table, talking science, I presume the greater part of the time. Every one seemed to thoroughly enjoy the hospitality and appreciate the kindness of the lady and gentleman who so graciously tendered to the American guests the pleasant At Home. The spectacled professors forgot their dignity, and laughed and talked with their brother scientists' wives and endeavored to instruct the daughters whose scientific education had been neglected. Truly the At Home was delightful. A lady assured me that she had been taught considerable geology since her arrival that afternoon, and I was fortunate enough to receive valuable information regarding anthropology, and enlightenment as to a discovery recently made near Ridgetown of a skeleton supposed to be—oh, dreadfully old. The exact number of years is not yet fixed, but it is in the neighbornood of six hundred.

*

The grounds of Government House presented a gay appearance Tuesday afternoon, on the occasion of the garden party given in honor of the American scientists. A large marquee was erected in which daintily dressed ladies discussed science with scientific gentlemen, eating ice-cream meanwhile. Two bands loaded the air with melody, and left nothing to be desired, for the weather was perfect, the arrangements complete and many of the costumes elegant. Among those present were: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Wm. Dawson, Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. and Miss Ross, Mr. E. King Dodds, Mrs. King Dodds, the Misses King Dodds, Mr. A. R. King Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Richie, Q. C., Prof. Wood and Miss Goldwin Smith, Mrs. and Miss Swaite, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, the Misses Beattie, Mr. Gianelli, Mr. W. Douglas, Mrs. and the Misses Macdonald of Brockton, Mrs. and Miss Michie, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Miss Rita Ryan, Col. Otter, Adjt. Manly, Lieut. Homer Dixon, Mr. Bidal, Mr. G. Badgerow, Mr. C. Bunting, Miss Ostrum, Mr. S. May, the Misses Gray, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Close, Mr. A. E. K. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Rev. Manly Benson, Alderman and Mrs. Baxter, C. A. Carpmael, M.A., Dr. Smith, Dr. Avison, Hon. John Macdonald, Messrs. C. Skae, F. Saunders, P. Manning, Mr. C. Beatty, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. Fred Beardmore, Capt. Kemp, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Commander Law, Mr. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. Rice, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, ex Mayor James Beatty, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Woodworth, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Parker, Col. Grasett, Prof. Hirschfelder, Major Harrison, Mr. E. P. Robin, J. B. Smith, M.P.P., Mrs. Smith, Prof. Galbraith, Prof. Loudon, Mr. J. A. Proctor, Mr. Goodwin Gibson, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hurst, City Treasurer R. T. Coady, Mrs. Coady.

*

Mrs. Clarke's toilette was an elegant black one. Mrs. E. King-Dodds wore a beautiful costume of *vieux* rose and royal blue silk, with bonnet, gloves and parasol to match. Miss King-Dodds wore a particularly lovely dress. The skirt was white merveilleux, draped with Point d'Alencon, and profusely cascaded with ribbons; the Oxford jacket was of pink silk, direct from France, in Le Bretagne of the French transatlantic company.

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(Continued on Page Eleven.)

LATEST WALTZES

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One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on frosted back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON
High Grade Watch Specialist
Opposite Post Office

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Express steamer service twice a week from New York to Southampton, Havre, London and Bremen.
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41 KING STREET WEST
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New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.
The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

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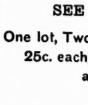
FRENCH AND CANADIAN
Dress and Mantle Makers
122 KING STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,
TORONTO.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ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—You asked me what would remove ink stains; so here is a recipe, tried and proven to be perfectly reliable. If it had only been known in our family in years gone by, what an amount of trouble would have been avoided, for, as you know, your correspondent was frequently disturbed by the unmistakable presence of ink on clean pinafores. Tallow, my dear; simply tallow. I repeat it because, being so easy to obtain, you'll likely forget, and imagine it is some awful Latin chloride which would almost require a scientist to explain. Melt the tallow and pour it over the ink stain, roll the article and lay it away until b'ue Monday.

My little cousin Tadita, spilt the entire contents of an ink-bottle over a gingham dress, a delicate blue and white check; and it looked as if it were ruined.

It was treated in the manner described and after it was ironed there was not the faintest trace of the ink.

I have also removed from a white muslin dress that awful mixture of tar, iron and dust, which comes unexpectedly from the hubs of carriages, when you have on a light dress.

Another thing, did you ever use borax solution to wash hair brushes and sponges? It keeps them delightfully clean, and renders the bristles of the brush stiffer than anything else I have ever used.

Never did I dream of the great comfort to be derived from an extra dress front until this year.

They are a nuisance to hook in, to be sure, but oh! dear me, when it is done, you feel like congratulating yourself. If you want to be all one color—hook in the dark front; if you require a dressy costume, put in the light, and so make the innocent believe you have two dresses made almost alike.

A Paris novelty is to have a rich front put in the dress skirt, and panels so arranged as to hook over it, when a street dress is required. That would be a great saving of time, wouldn't it, and a delight to the man who has now to carry his sister's or his wife's valise.

You asked me how you should wear your hair, and I scarcely know what style to advise, for at present there seems to be no one settled leading fashion.

Of course the braids are the newest, and no one can deny that glossy braids form an exceedingly neat coiffure. For those whose hair is thin, braids are a delusion and a snare; also for the puffy-haired sisters, who have certainly had their day. If braids have come to reign, we straight-haired girls will have a chance, which we haven't had since Dame Fashion said—"Hair up!" To make pretty braids, the hair must be well brushed and glossy—it can't look well otherwise. If the coil, low in the neck, comes in, the short girl will be forced to meekly resign her delusive inch, and hear people wonder why she looks so much shorter.

I really think, Mollie, you would look well with your hair arranged in two lengthwise coils, just reaching the top of your head.

The large pins keep it very firm, and I have found them so useful that I have discarded the steel abominations, which were forever getting lost or bent.

By the way, Dame Fashion says if your hair is black you should use gutta percha pins; if brown, tortoiseshell; if gray, silver; if golden, amber. So you, my dear, will use the black ones.

This is the time of year when we all look ruefully at dresses, which show signs of summer wear and last spring's showers—waiting, with all the impatience of children at a Punch and Judy, for the curtain to rise and show us what we may expect to wear during the next three months.

The fall opening will settle the question, though I always think it is a bad plan to buy novelties too early in the season.

Your Sincere Friend,
CLIP CAREW.

A Wise Precaution.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; Madame wanted it on the left. But Monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph struck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done, he also went and struck another in on the left.

"What is the second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow, when Monsieur has come round to the views of Madame."

How He Preferred Her.

Mrs. Staggers—We are to have dear mother for dinner, James.

Staggers—All right. See that she is thoroughly cooked.

The Wind Taken Out of Her Sails.

"Mr. McClintock," shouted his better half, "I want you to take your feet off the parlor table."

"Mrs. McClintock," he said, in a fixed, determined voice, "I allow only one person to talk to me that way."

"And who is that?" she demanded.

"You, my dear," he replied softly, as he removed the pedes.

Monopolize the Railroads.

Farmer's wife—I suppose you will soon be leaving the country for the city, won't you?

Tramp—Yes, ma'am; it's allus about this time of year that the actors begin crowdin' us off the road.

Some Merry Conceits.

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.—*Life.*

In vain does the peerless youth sing of love,
In a falsetto voice sweet and clear,
While the rich old man may chatter his vows
With a falsetto teeth—and she'll hear.—*Time.*

Agent—My dear sir, I must urge it upon you, over and over again, you ought to get your life insured. Think of your family——

Merchant—But I have thought it all over. I have seen my acquaintances paying money for twenty or thirty years, till at last it cost more than it came to.

Agent—Yes, but my dear sir, you entirely forget, if you are lucky you die in the first year. —*Wasp.*

"Dear Eve," sai d Adam, with a sigh,
"With tru h I can no longer grapple,
You were the apple of my eye
Until you chanced to eye the app'e."

Foply—Miss Slymlymme shows considera'i e nerve in appearing so *decolette*, don't you think?

Dudely—She shows a great deal of backbone in my opinion.

Dr. Joker—Your dolly appears to be out of sorts to-day, doesn't she? Dolly's mother (four years old)—Well, I guess you'd feel out of sorts, too, if you had all the sawdust spilled out of you.—*The Epoch.*

He—What would you do if I were to offer to give you a kiss? She—See if my little brother is under the sofa.—*Boston Herald.*

Bjones—That young fellow seems rather pessimistic. Merritt—Yes; he's an amateur photographer, and always takes a poor view of life.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Farmer's wife—Why do you get up and leave that piece of steak? Tramp—I didn't ask for work, ma'am; I asked for something to eat.—*Burlington Free Press.*

When a man declares that he is wedded to his profession, a pair of bright eyes rightly managed can easily make him commit bigamy. —*Binghamton Republican.*

Now vacation's over,
Her money's gone to smash,
She'll soon be back at Murray's
As usual calling—"Ca-a ash!"

A London bishop had gone down into the country to visit a charitable institution, into which poor lads had been drafted from the east end of London, and, in addressing them, he congratulated them on the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast, and the bishop kindly asked:

"Are you not comfortable? Have you any complaints to make?"

At last the leader raised his hand.

"The milk, my lord."

"Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is tenfold better than you ever had in London!"

"No, indeed, it ain't!" cried the boy. "In London they always buys our milk out of a nice clean shop, and here—why, here they squeezes it out of a beastly cow!"—*Tid Bits.*

Just thirty years ago La Grisette de Beranger was first played at the Theatre des Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The part of Lizette was taken by the celebrated Virginie Dejazet. The famous old actress at that time had lost all her teeth. In honor of the new part she was to personify she ordered a beautiful new set. Finding her teeth uncomfortable, she took them out as soon as the play was over, and put them in her pocket. In the green-room she unfortunately sat upon them, and rose up with a scream. "What is the matter?" asked genial old Adolphe Dennery. "Nothing," smiled Dejazet; "I only bit m'self."

A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue grass region of Kentucky, and was entertained at a dinner-party at the governor's mansion. During the course of the dinner, a degenerate son of the governor talked loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit in Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the State. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and during a lull in the conversation turned and asked the governor if what she had heard of the gentlemen of Kentucky were true. The governor wanted to know what it was, and the attention of the whole company was directed to the lady's response: "Well," said she, "I heard that Kentucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out to grass."

Mrs. Latewedde—What is this in this black bottle, mamma?

Mamma—That? Oh, that's whisky. I got it to put on a sprain.

Mrs. Latewedde—Is that whisky? Why, it smells just exactly like the stuff that the barber puts on Henry's moustache sometimes.

Mamma—Did you ever see him put it on?

Mrs. Latewedde—No-o, but that is what Henry tells me.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Genial host—Pathrick, me bhoy, you've had quite enough to drink. Take me advoice: When ye get to the top of the street ye'll see two cabs; take the *first*, because, begorra, *there's only one!*

The Biter Bitten.

"You will disturb the meditations of a gentleman, will you?"

"Ha, ha! Take that, you beast."

"Take it all."

Continues reading:

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."
—*Life.*

A Coach and Four.

They are striving hard to keep up appearances.

She—Did you see about the coach and four to-day, William?

He—Yes, we have a coach and four now, my dear,—a coach and four dollars.

A Pertinent Reply.

Smart Attorney—You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?

Witness—The close of day, I presume.

Who Wants $200 without cost or charge? Lever Bros., manufacturers of Sunlight Soap (largest sale in the world), offer $200 for ten guesses. See particulars on card boxes of Sunlight Soap, or ask your grocer to explain. The trade can obtain information by addressing Lever Bros., Toronto. Sunlight Soap has just obtained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

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and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
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ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
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RELIABLE GOODS ONLY
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Articles de Toilettes and Perfumery
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Ladies, come in time to select. For Hair dressing, Singeing or Shampooing, etc., special appointments must be made.
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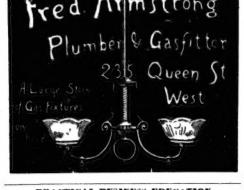

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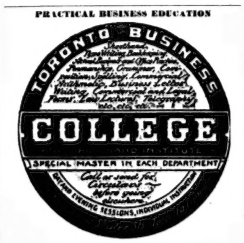

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Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.
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and will quote them at reduced prices during September. Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 100 cuts of different styles of Fur Garments, mailed free on application.
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CORSET
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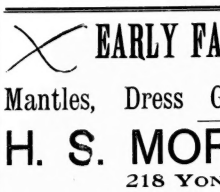
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.



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HAVE JUST OPENED OUT
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5 " & PATTERN MANTLES, JACKETS AND CIRCULARS,
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From two years up.
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Passage in the Life of Mr. Schmidt, Artist.

By W. H. HUNTER.

Now Mistress McVicar was the proprietor of a mixture for pipe use which had acquired more than a local celebrity in the student's quarter as Sally's Own, with the thoughtless iconoclasm of youth, giving this irreverent sobriquet to her most particular Imperial Blend. The shrewd old dame kept unto herself the secret of its compounding. The fragrant mess was stored in a deep cool crock and she suffered no witness of any addition to its contents. Her manner of dispensing it, too, rather enhanced its value. No persuasion might induce her to sell to one customer at the one time, a pennyweight beyond the just quarter of a pound. So scrupulous was she in her measure—certainly the presumption was—she felt loth at parting with any. Among the young fellows who knew the old lady's inflexible rule, it was a favorite pastime to direct a friend to her shop to buy a pound of Sall's Own. The jokers hastened then to the Divan to secure good places on the pipe settle that occupied one wall of the little shop. The stranger enters and negligently approaches the counter, behind which, and seated in her large stuffed arm chair, Mistress McVicar is knitting. She looks up and inquires, "What's your will, sir?"

"A pound of Sally's Own," with the tone and air of a man who is accustomed to deal on this scale. Mistress McVicar, bridling up and surveying the audacious intruder over her spectacles, "Hech! and wha' mad' ye sa fa'miliyar on sic' short acquaintance with a leddy's own name! You'll no get anything that gate here, my mon." A smothered chuckle from the window seat generally informed the old lady at this point of the true state of affairs, when her features would relax their grimness. "No offence, sir," she would continue grandly, "no offence where none meant. It's the daft ne-er-do-wells yonder that will have put ye up to it," shaking her fist at the grinning row. "You'll be wanting the Imperial Blend I doubt? And what for no?" her tone rapidly becoming business-like again. "It's a bonny mixture. But I canna sell ye sae muckle as a pound. You maun be content with the quarter and blithe to get it." With the deftness born of practice she has, while speaking, taken and weighed and parceled the quantity, at the same time replying to the question, looked if not spoken, with her invariable formula, "the world is wide and others must have the chance."

If the customer were wise, on proving the tobacco really good, he returned and his enjoyment of the mannerisms of the old lady grew on him like a taste for vintages; proud, by and by, to be admitted into the number of her family, as the circle of her friendship might be truly called. For the young fellow, attracted by something in the kind old face, resorted to her with their troubles for consolation and advice as to a mother. Some time before this she had found success becoming burdensome for her years and had seen the necessity of a neat handed lassie to save her steps. She bethought herself of her niece, Miss Elizabeth Fraser, who now came every morning to the Divan. It was thus that she became for Schmidt a familiar figure on the street.

The interchange with her of morning greetings was now the daily event of Schmidt's life. Though he made no nearer approach to acquaintanceship it is astonishing how much of her he seemed to himself to learn from her bright good-morning. Perhaps nothing further would have had to be written, had Schmidt on one day chanced to enter the shop in Stephanie Place. Externally The Divan was very attractive in its green blinds and little flower boxes that walls edged with red. Within the front room was the shop, which had to be passed to gain the living rooms. The shop, besides the settle which occupied one wall, had a low counter with a pair of balances and a glass case of pipes, cigarettes, holders and the other commodities to be found in a smoking establishment. A large press behind the counter contained the stock. The walls were papered in a warm tint, and were ornamented with lithographs presented by pushing dealers. Everything was as exquisitely neat as only two women with a passion for cleanliness could effect. The floor was even scrubbed white with sand, and ropematting at the threshold completed the inuendo of that virtue which is next to godliness.

III.

The morning when Schmidt had resolved to explore the situation he was among the earliest of the patrons of The Divan, but the sweetness worn by the interior captivated him at the first glance. Although everything in reality was strange to him, he felt that he had known it all for years, that it had been part of his life; so much so that, while glad, he was not astonished to find his acquaintance of the street there at the receipt of custom. It seemed all so fitting that he made his purchase chatted a moment or two, and went his way, not realizing how kind to him fortune had been. That evening as he ruminated over the day's occurrences, he discovered that tobacco was never so good as that which he had got through her and at once planned to see as much of her as possible. In accordance with his amiable scheme Schmidt contrived to have frequent occasion to call at The Divan. Truth compels the disclosure that there was a remarkable accumulation of packages of tobacco on Schmidt's table. For he carefully emptied his pouch before one of his visits, and would quite accidentally examine it before the very door of The Divan, be surprised at its flaccidity, and go in. Other times he had the pretence of buying a cigar which also went to swell the riches of his table. He flattered himself he had successfully masked his strategy, but Elizabeth had formed a shrewd suspicion that his purchases were largely apologetic. Mutual esteem had silently succeeded to acquaintanceship, and Elizabeth was torn by conflicting duties. Should she come to such an explanation that Schmidt might see he was welcome for his own sake; but, then, her aunt's interests? She unfolded the difficulty to the old lady, who first laughed immoderately, then fell to thinking the strange, shy man who paid his court so oddly. When Schmidt came in next Elizabeth allowed him to look over the case, and finally blurt out a request for some cigarettes. She laughed a great, honest laugh and told him he did not want them and was not going to get them. Schmidt was much inclined to take himself off, but Elizabeth's manner was so pleasant that he stayed a considerable time; and had thus made his first visit and had not appeared in the role of a customer. With ready woman's wit Elizabeth found a plan to smooth his path. It is no secret in the trade that the best tobacco quickly loses its aroma if exposed, not merely to the air but even to the light, but should be kept in a cool, dark place. The malicious even hinted that all the excellence of the celebrated Imperial Blend was to be found in the refusal of Mistress McVicar to sell in quantities that might spoil by careless keeping. Be this as it may, it is none the less true that quality largely depends on the keeping. Elizabeth therefore explained the advantage of merely filling his pouch from his own jar in The Divan. Schmidt eagerly agreed and felt from that moment that he had earned the freedom of the citadel.

The companionship of Elizabeth began to work a change in the musician. He spoke now of himself and of his art. His enthusiasm caught fire once more since he found a sympathetic listener. Great ideas again took shape in his brain; Schmidt was no longer the dreamer. It was the artist's regeneration. The affectionate strength of her woman's mind supplied the element of success he had lacked. It became possible for him to think and to dare lofty things.

In another way the progress of Schmidt was not at all satisfactory to the old lady, of whose fancy a pretty little *chateau en Espagne* had entire possession. She was bent on assisting the pair better to understand their hearts. "Is there anything between you and Lizzie?" she asked Schmidt one day with startling directness.

"Good gracious! no. What ever put that idea in your head?" And Schmidt looked so woe-begone that the old lady had to laugh outright.

"You great stupid! And why isn't there? You have had time enough and I am not going to wait longer."

They were sitting in the back parlor. It was a cosy little room in the morning light that escaped through the crisp curtains and glanced on the polished furniture and the metal work of the heavy stove. Outside the unconscious subject of the conversation was moving about the shop, busied with various small mercantile concerns.

In the conversation that followed the old lady explained that she had grown weary for rest and the scenes of her youth. She designed to give up the business and pass her remaining days near her kinsfolk. Schmidt was in despair. To lose in this sudden way the one intimacy of his life! In the next moment he blushed for his egotism. What was to become of Elizabeth? He began pleading with the old lady at this point of the true lover's story in order briskly, and continued her sketch of the future. "You want to know what'll became of Lizzie? And its verra proper for you to enquire. Yes," she repeated reflectively, "verra proper. Lizzie is a good lassie—and you shall have her for wife. There! not a word! I know she is much too good for you; but so is every good woman for the man she marries." It must be said that Mistress McVicar chose not to understand the nature of Schmidt's interruption. The idea of marriage, when, like Schmidt, one has never brought it within the domain of practical affairs, has the force of a discovery. It must be tested first of all negatively. But this direction having once been given to his thoughts, all the tenderness that for some time past had filled his heart rapidly crystallized, and Schmidt found himself in love. Occupied with thoughts of his own suggesting he took little development of the old lady's plan indistinctly. She intended to turn over the business and furniture to the young people and give them their own time to pay her. This was further enlightenment to Schmidt. His life had been so poor and lonely that he could hardly realize the prospect. He looked curiously at the walls, at the table, at the hearth; it was a revelation of the domestic life that might be his. He went up to where the old lady sat regarding him, and looked long into the kind face; kissed her and said: "I wish you might stay with us always." The old lady shook her head and smiled into the shop. Her thought was: "I have made no mistake; they will be happy!"

Schmidt remained in the back parlour, accustoming himself to this vision of happiness. To him Elizabeth entered; the old lady had suggested that the room required dusting. Schmidt rose and quite awkwardly lifted her mop lightly from table to mantel, from mantel to cupboard, dusting this and straightening that with deft fingers. Long afterwards charming little housewifely acts appeared to his fancy, and amidst all a presence animating a home. This led him to wonder for a moment how the sunlight got into the parlor, for he had in the painting on the wall. Then as Elizabeth pushed past him, half amused, half piqued at his inattention, he caught her by the arm and asked her to be wife to him.

When the old lady, in the course of half an hour, ventured to disturb them she found no matters so much to her liking that she sent the lovers for a walk and prepared a little treat in honor of the betrothal.

Not long afterwards the two were quietly wed in Old St. George's Church, in the shadow of which they had found their happiness, and at once entered into possession of their home. The only regret that mingled with their joy was at the departure of Mistress McVicar, who set forth on her long pilgrimage so soon as she had seen them married. On the mantel in the back parlor a large photograph of her kind face held the place of honor. The two were contemplating it when Elizabeth suddenly detached herself from his side and exhibited such signs of misfortune that Schmidt hastened to catch her in his arms. "They had forgotten," she said, "to learn the secret of the Imperial Blend." It was undeniable; in their troubled happiness they had lost the key of prosperity. This, the first cloud of their wedded life, was quickly dispelled. Schmidt espied a folded paper on the mantel, and opening it, found that the old lady had been careful for their fortunes as for their happiness.

What was the secret? When I tell you that The Divan is still prosperous; that Schmidt has given up the orchestra; that though he still teaches and though a small party of musical friends occasionally gather in the back parlor to applaud his compositions, the Imperial Blend is the staff of their lives, I am sure you will excuse me.

[THE END.]

Marriage for Money.

"What air you a-goin' to do, Jane?" enquired a white-haired old lady, as her sister came out upon the piazza, with a tin-pan in one hand, and a glass dish in the other.

"I'm just a-goin' to pick over a few currants," was the response, as the speaker seated herself, and settled the pan, half filled with red currants in her lap. The glass dish was placed within easy reach, and the wrinkled, large-veined hands began to pull the succulent fruit from its very green stem.

"Let me help you," continued the first speaker, drawing her chair towards her sister. The latter protested, but finally the kindly suggestion was acted upon, and the two dear old ladies, showing in every feature—nay in every line—their wrinkled faces the print of Time's heavy hand, sat that August morning "pickin' over" currants.

The bees buzzed among the old-fashioned flowers in the garden; the birds' song came low and sweet to dulled ears, and the glorious August sun sent forth its heated rays on meadow and lawn.

As they talked, their hands mechanically separated the useful from the worthless; and moving to and from the glass dish, sent forth a gleam. It was the glint of gold, from shrunken marriage fingers. That was the beginning of a tale, and the widows' caps were the sad conclusion.

These sisters had lived side by side, during the whole of their married lives. Now, in their widowhood, they were removed from each other.

The lot of one was cast in the city, where she shared the home of her married daughter; while the other had lived the whole of her life among the birds and flowers; the grass and trees—a simple, contented and truly happy life. One son still remained, while the rest of the family had gone to homes of their own.

Mrs. Hardy had brought with her from the city one of her granddaughters for company, and to the young girl the conversation now turned.

"She's goin' to be married soon, ain't she?" inquired Mrs. Barclay, depositing a handful of currants into the last filling dish.

"Yes, it's 'bout settled now. He's a fine young man, and yet her ma ain't real satisfied, for she's had better offers. There wuz one—he wuz a real good chance—fur's money's concerned, an' mad in love, too. Minnie ain't regular han'some, but she's got a cute, fetchin' little way with her, tha' keeps him a-coaxin' an' a-lin' round continual. Course this rich one wuz a leedle old, but her ma says tha' 'ud make no odds."

"Wuz he much older?" asked Mrs. Barclay, interested still in the young people, though the frost and the heat had crossed her path three score times and ten.

"He wuz consid'rubble over forty," admitted Mrs. Hardy in a hesitating way, and then she continued, "but my, he wuz fine! Yer jest her such a lot of things she can't git if she marries Robert Johnson, and——

"Oh, it's awful," broke in Mrs. Barclay, whose simple soul was shocked at the idea of marriage for money. Him a goin' fifty, and her a chit of twenty, an' then to jest marry him 'cause he wuz rich. What comfort 'ud them two hev? He'd be tuggin' fur the fireside and she a pullin' fur goins on.

"There, there's done," she said, as she deposited the last of the currants among their brethren and gathered up a few stray stems.

"Seems to me," continued the quavering voice, "that folks don't marry right nowadays. They kinder want to run a house, an' take up with the fo-t one that comes t' her rich. Me and you married fur love, Rachel, an' we aint never been sorry, hev we?"

A grave shake of the head answered her, and she went on. "Sposin' Minnie had a married him, and then sposin' he'd gone to everlastin' smash, what ud her life been wuth? I can't think for a second that she'd a been happy. Gold ain't no good to make hearts grow; an' workin' an' love is."

So they talked, those two aged sisters, one influenced by contact with money-marred people; the other holding the bright, clear light of an honest heart, and a contented mind on the subject of marriage for money.

All this while the subject of conversation, Minnie Laurison was engaged in deep thought on the same subject in her parlor.

She was sitting on the lawn at a little distance from the house. A large maple cast its shade on the dry grass and there, fanned by the gently-stirring breeze, she read and re-read a letter from her mother.

It contained several phrases carefully worded to be sure—which expressed satisfaction in regard to the daughter's approaching marriage.

"I wonder, if after all," mused the maiden, "mother is right. Will it make no difference whether husbands and wives are all in all to each other or not. Could I be happy with an old man for a life partner if I had plenty of money, even if I did not love him.

"Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," she mused half aloud, then—"I wonder if I did right!"

She examined her future as the rich man's bride, thinking of the time when the wedding journey was over and she entered his house as its mistress.

The sterner duties of the housewife would not belong to her. An excellent housekeeper and well-trained servants took charge of the domestic machinery, and she would be relieved of all responsibility in that direction.

She thought of her life there; shopping, calling, reading, music, concerts, arranging the old house to please her fancy, the love and respect of an honest man, who cared for her enough to give her all this. Was she wise in casting it aside?

She could have used money for good and worthy purposes—relieving distress and calling to thin wasted faces smiles of gratitude and joy. Was it right to sacrifice even that privilege to the thing called love?

Was there a regard that endured, or would the care less in the future for him who was now the central figure in her life pall? Again she reviewed the splendors of her life had she consented to marry the elder man; but, strange to say, in all the pictures she could her imagination, he—the husband—was missing.

She forgot that he was a part of that life of ease and luxury; and then she suddenly realized it she shuddered, for his presence seemed a dark shadow on the gaily painted landscape. When it had been gone over—that life, in summer, in winter—she shrank from it.

The artificial life would pall, it could not satisfy the heart. The novelty of her new position might please for a while, but the wealth would soon lose its tempting lustre, and there would be the old, sad story of a loveless heart and a fettered hand. She felt that she dare not risk her happiness, and then she thought of another home—unpretentious, cosy, comfortable. The bare image of it filled her heart with gladness, were reflected her lips in smiles, chased from her brow the frown which had gathered there, lit her gray eyes with a wondrous brightness, increased her beauty, and betraying a heart-wealth genuine and plenteous.

Ah! it would be a pleasure to dwell there, and she caught herself fancying that she was installed in that new position—of wife and home-maker.

She half-believed she was waiting for him, listening for his footstep, but there was no shudder, only a glad light of expectation, while the face framed in the roughened bark of the maple was all light and joy.

All honor to the pure heart which would choose the latter life! All honor to the heaven-inspired mind, which could see beyond the glimmer of the gold, its flinty, chilling nature!

Give us girls who spurn the artificial life, who can live amid the golden beams from beloved eyes, and be content. When the sacred obligation of marriage is taken with the consideration of suitability foremost, of wealth secondary, then the world, the conniving, heartless, wealth-ridden world, shall grow better.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Arsenic and Complexions.

The vendors of complexion washes, creams, powders, rouges, all acknowledge that arsenic is used by women to improve the complexion. They take it in homeopathic doses. A representative was toured the city to see how dare make themselves beautiful. The disclosures made by some of them are rather amazing.

The first person seen was Mr. Brunswick, who was mightily indignant when asked:

"Do your cosmetics contain arsenic?"

"Not a particle," answered Mr. B.; "they are made by the best men in Paris, who wouldn't think of using such a drug."

"But it is used?"

"Yes;" Mr. B. admitted, "it is used; and will give the face a marble-like complexion for about six months, when you begin to suffer for it."

"Mrs. Langtry is reported to rub her face with veal to improve her skin."

"Yes, I've heard that it's a good thing for the complexion. But every woman has her own make-up; especially actresses. They're often jealous if another actress is better made up than themselves; and they know a good deal of the secrets of making up."

At Piesse & Lubin's, in Bond street, the clerks said that arsenic was often taken regularly in homeopathic doses—generally three times a day after meals. "Does the habit grow?" "Undoubtedly it grows, till women ruin their complexions and health. We make washes to suit the complexion, and don't supply them indiscriminately. But there is no arsenic or bismuth in them. While arsenic makes the face pale, bismuth generally turns the face purple. Gaslight will often bring on the latter result."

At another perfumer's our reporter asked at what age making up usually commenced among women:

"I am sorry to say," said the informant, "that it often begins when a girl begins to wear corsets. I have heard of some mothers who made their daughters at twelve years of age wear corsets sleeping and waking. A woman who would do that would smear anything on her child's face. When ladies ask what they had better do to improve their complexions I generally say do nothing, though it doesn't pay. Many women spend fortunes on their face, and then get it spoiled. The best rouges cost about £5 or £4 a pot."

"I am frequently asked for arsenic pills," said Mdme. Du Boyer, the beautifier, of New Bond street, "and whether such and such a lady's nice complexion doesn't come from arsenic. I never use arsenic in my preparations; it is a idiosyncrasy, and suits some skins and not others. I have known a little arsenic on a sore place cause an eruption. It is very danger-ous to take, even in the smallest doses."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Wellington's Good Sense.

The Duke of Wellington detested being helped—not from ingratitude, but from two distinct feelings, one, that he did not like to be thought, what he certainly was not, decrepit; the other, that he knew very well that the majority of persons who helped him simply did so in order to be able to say that they had done so. This was to him revolting. Standing opposite to Apsley House one evening in Piccadilly, when the street was even more crowded than it is now, the Duke, relates Sir W. Fraser, in his Words on Wellington, was hesitating on the curbstone. A gentleman nearly as old as himself made some demonstration of assisting him to cross the road, endeavoring to check the tide of cabs and other vehicles that was setting strongly. When the Duke reached the gate of Apsley House, he touched his hat, and said, "I thank you, sir." The elderly stranger immediately uncovered; holding his hat at his knee, he addressed the Duke as follows—"My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life; but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The Duke looked at him calmly, and, in a voice not in the least choked by emotion, replied, "Don't be a ——fool!" and he walked into Apsley House.

Left.

Gobard—So old Jaggs is dead. Did he leave many relations?

Golightly—Yes; they were all left. He bequeathed his entire fortune to the church.

A Scenter.

Rococo—That's a good cigar for five cents, isn't it?

Somoco—It's good for fifty scents. In fact, it takes in everything from Roquefort cheese to Hunter's Point.

Not Robbed.

Actress (who thinks of having her diamonds stolen for the sake of the advertisement)—Has any one ever been robbed at this hotel?

Guest (summer hotel)—None of my friends have. We all took the precaution to settle about rates before we came.

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

— SUCH S —

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

◆ THIS IS NO FICTION ◆

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the

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the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL, Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

A Serious Case.

Mrs. Briske—Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?

Little Johnny (stopping his play)—Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night.

Mrs. Briske—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.

A Slight Mistake.

It was at the shop of Herr Spitbooyer, the erudite bibliopole, in the Eternal City. The pretty American traveler wanted a copy of Max O'Rell's book on the United States, and said so. The Herr Bibliophile glowered through his spectacles a moment and replied with noble scorn: "Gott in Himmel, Mees! Marcus Aurelius vos neffer in der Unided Shtates."

In Muskoka.

Mrs. Flyhigh—Have a bit of this sweetbread, sister? It's very nice.

Sister Susie (from Hamilton)—All right, Kitty, shall I pass it over? Ma's bread has been every morning for three weeks, and I'm just starved for some I can eat.

He Had Improved Nature

Cottager—One thousand dollars! Why, it's midsummer now, and you only charged me five hundred dollars last year for the whole season.

Beach Baron—Well, you see I've had the stones whitewashed along the gravel walk, and the fence has been painted red.

That Child Again.

Little Lettie—Will I ever grow to be as large as you are?

Mamma—I expect so.

Little Lettie—And will I talk, talk, talk all the time, too, the same as you do?

The Change it Makes.

Merchant Tailor—Good-morning, Mr. Truepay. What can I do for you this morning?

Mr. Truepay—I want a suit of clothes.

"Yes, sir. John, the tape-line please."

"Oh, I don't want a suit to measure. I want a ready made suit."

"Eh! Ready-made?"

"Yes, a—a cheap one."

"Certainly, certainly. Right this way, please. I hadn't heard of your marriage."

The Old Man's Logic.

Miss Flimsy—But, Father, you must remember that I am to marry Charlie. It isn't you that will marry him.

Old Flimsy—Quite true, my dear. But you mustn't forget that I will probably have to support him.

Art Prejudices.

Art Patron—I should like to have your candid opinion of that picture.

Artist—Well, sir, to me it seems like a daub, but perhaps I am prejudiced. You see, it's by a friend of mine.

A Meddler Rebuked

Fussy Old Gentleman.—There 's a fly on your nose, Mum.
Irascible Old Lady.—Well, he ain't yours, is he?—*Puck.*

King Solomon's Tooth.

BY WILLIAM M'GILL.

Badrashun was an Arabian dervish of modern times. His ambition was to rival those solitarily ascetics who flourished so abundantly in the palmy days of Moslem power. The place of his blossoming was the desert, where he "blushed unseen" and wasted his "sweetness and light" of his highly cultivated nature on barren solitudes. His tent was pitched on a little oasis, where a never-failing spring and a few date palms furnished him with the necessaries of life, while he scoffed at its luxuries. Here he spent his days, conning over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. But, notwithstanding the fervor and success with which he prosecuted his studies, he was far from being satisfied with his progress, and often grew despondent as he began to perceive the limitless horizon of knowledge expanding before him.

One evening he sat at the door of his tent, enjoying the contemplative activity of a mind whose thoughts ran on everything, when he saw a stranger approaching. He was an old man, travel stained and weary. He saluted Badrashun with formal Eastern courtesy and begged his hospitality for a few days. He said he was on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was quite worn out with fatigue. The dervish gave him a hearty welcome, and entertained him with his simple fare for several days, until the stranger protested that he was now well able to resume his journey.

"But how," said the stranger, "can I thank you for all your kindness to me in my exhaustion. Words are idle to express my gratitude. I will prove it in deeds."

He then drew from his wallet a little box, which flashed in his hand like a huge diamond.

"I have observed," he continued, "that you are a man fond of study and reflection, that you prize wisdom, in the words of the great Solomon, as above rubies. Now I have in this box a treasure which all the wealth of Haroun Alraschid could not purchase. This I will give to you as a token of my gratitude, also because in you I perceive a fit recipient of such a priceless relic."

Here he touched a spring and the lid opened and showed a large molar tooth.

"This," said the stranger, "is none other than one of the wisdom teeth of King Solomon. It was given to me by a holy man whom I rescued from a band of robbers, when I was traveling in Palestine. The man who can wear it will be fortunate indeed, for on him will descend the mantle of its first owner. I had hoped that this felicity would have fallen to my own lot; but, alas! my teeth are too small, and if the relic were tampered with, its virtue would be lost. But the size of your teeth, or to speak more correctly, your stumps, leads me to hope that you can wear this jewel without any trouble; and if you will permit me to make an examination, I can soon ascertain if my supposition be correct."

The dervish was overjoyed at the prospect of becoming the heir of King Solomon's wisdom on such easy terms, and willingly allowed his mouth to be examined. The stranger, after poking about among the ruins of what was once a noble mill, selected the only grinder that time and philosophy had spared to Badrashun, and said it was a perfect duplicate in form to the relic. So out it must come, and with a pair of very strong forceps, the stranger, who seemed an expert in dentistry, addressed himself to the task of extraction. So violent and effective was his onslaught that the molar, though rooted as if clinched on the top of the dervish's bald head, speedily gave way, with horrid pains and followed by torrents of blood. The operator then quickly, and without attempting to stop the bleeding, inserted the precious relic into the socket thus prepared for it. It seemed a trifle too large, but the pilgrim, remarking that it was all the better to be a tight fit, took Badrashun's head between his knees, holding it as in a vise, and pulled from out his wallet a small silver hammer. With this instrument he smote the tooth a score of merciless blows, which caused the dervish to transform that part of the desert into a particularly howling wilderness. Then the pilgrim, pronouncing it a perfect fit, released his victim's head, sprang to his feet and departed. But not too soon, for Badrashun darted after him in a moment, as full of rage as of anguish, and had he caught him it would have gone hard with him. But just as he had nearly overtaken his late guest he tripped and fell to the ground with considerable force. When he had regained his feet the stranger had disappeared.

And now ensued a fearful time for poor Badrashun, for the pain instead of subsiding, increased in fury. He groaned and tossed in anguish beneath the palm trees, clutching at the sand, and burrowing like a mole in his frantic efforts to ease his pain. But with every pang a new idea shot into his head, until as Barnes expresses it, he was "pang full of knowledge." It was in no thankful spirit however that he received this instruction, on the contrary he used every fresh increment of intellectual force to curse the pilgrim. But the combined mental strain occasioned by this wholesale absorption of wisdom and diffusion of profanity, together with his physical torture, soon exhausted Badrashun, and he fell into a deep swoon. How long he remained in this state he never knew, but when he came to his senses he found that his head was swollen to the size of the sphinx. But all pain was now gone, and his cranium soon returned to its normal size. In a few days he was able to resume his former occupations.

A remarkable change had taken place during his state of coma. Not only was the new tooth snugly in its place, but all his other teeth were perfect in size and form. His bald head was covered with a thick growth of dark hair. In short from being considerably the worse for wear, the dervish found himself transformed into a man in the prime of life. But the outward change was as nothing compared to the inward. He now found himself possessed of every science to an extent far beyond the text books he had so long pored over, and struggled sometimes in vain thoroughly to master. It could not now ask himself a question about anything without receiving an exhaustive reply, while the conscious dignity of complete knowledge shone from his features.

It would be a sin to bury such light in the desert, and accordingly he resolved to make a tour through the principal cities of Egypt and Arabia as a public lecturer. His fame soon spread abroad and numbers flocked to hear his discourses. He lectured and taught for a few years, and then becoming anxious for a more permanent result from his strangely acquired knowledge, he determined to found a college.

Having observed, with pain, the universal ignorance of Eastern women, he thought it would be a noble charity to dedicate this new college solely to the instruction of females. He was now possessed of a fabulous wealth from the donations of his myriad admirers, so he set about the task at once. He caused to be erected upon the very spot of his inspiration, a vast and beautiful building. Wells were dug to a great depth to supplement the natural flow of the spring, trees were planted, and the grounds laid out on a scale of royal magnificence. When everything was finished, Badrashun caused to be proclaimed throughout the land, the terms of admission into this grand university. They were simple and concise, and as no fees were exacted, they were equally favorable to rich and poor. The application, it was set forth, must be young and beautiful, and must marry the professor.

These easy terms made the institution exceedingly popular, that soon its halls were crowded with hundreds of the fairest damsels, from all parts of the world. So Badrashun lived in more than regal splendor, in a veritable garden of Eden, spending his time instructing his beautiful pupil spouses, and receiving the homage and congratulations of princes and philosophers from all nations.

There is no gain without pain, however, and Badrashun was doomed to feel to the uttermost the truth of this adage. Every seventh day since that memorable dental operation, he had had an attack of toothache in that particular molar to which he owed his wisdom. These periodical attacks had lasted at first, and of short duration, but as time passed they grew both in length and intensity, until now, at the summit of his power, they comprised twenty four hours of more intense dental agony. During these attacks he could see no one, neither could he taste food, but spent the time in a high state room in his palace, roaring like a bull of Bashan. It had now come to such a pass that he would gladly have parted with the magic tooth, even if he were forced at the same time to part with his wisdom. He reflected that his knowledge would not now be altogether lost to the world in the event of such a catastrophe, as his fair students collectively had absorbed the greater, or at least the more useful, part of it. But the difficulty was how to get the tooth out, for the little silver mallet of the pilgrim had fastened it in so well that the most experienced dentists wrestled with it in vain. Their efforts only prolonged and intensified his agony. Opiates also were of no avail to allay his torments. Thus his six days of power and happiness were clouded over by the expectation of horrors of the seventh, until Badrashun felt that all his wealth and wisdom were too dearly purchased.

But physical suffering was not the sole accompaniment of this weekly toothache. The dervish soon found that his Solomonic wisdom deserted him on the day of his malady, returning only after all pain had ceased. This fact was an additional reason why he should absent himself from public notice during these periods. So the multitudes who awaited his judgments on difficult matters, were warned that this particular day was set apart for private study and devotion.

But on one of these unhappy days, Badrashun heard in his attic a great clamor at the gates of his palace, and summoned an attendant to inquire its cause. The servant returned shortly and brought word that two Frankish women had a matter of dispute between them, and demanded his decision upon it, refusing to wait another day. The dervish, unwilling to dismiss by force such appellants, sent to ask the cause of their dispute, determined to settle it if his ebbing sagacity could cope with the matter.

The particulars of the case were as follows: The women were two Americans, a lady and her nurse. The lady was, or rather had been, the wife of a Chicago millionaire. Her husband, engrossed with business cares, had remained at home, while she was making the tour of the East. In the course of her travels, a telegram had reached her, telling of the failure of her husband, whom business complications had now plunged into deepest poverty. She had immediately telegraphed back, applying for a divorce, hoping soon to gain a European nobleman for his successor, as she was a great beauty, and the reigning belle of the season. At this time the nurse who had charge of this lady's infant son had also a baby of her own. But one of the children died soon after these events, and the question was, whose child survived. The lady said it was the nurse's own baby and refused to pay any longer for its support. The nurse as stoutly maintained that it belonged to the lady, and would have nothing to do with it unless she were well paid.

After reflecting on the matter, Badrashun thought that this dispute could easily be settled by employing the same method by which Solomon had decided a somewhat similar case. For, however willing the mother might be to deliver her child to the care of another, her desire to be rid of him would not surely be so great as to make her a party to his violent death. So he went down into his judgment hall and commanded that the women should be brought before him.

The child in question was one of the noisiest brats that ever made night or day hideous in a neighborhood. The voices of the women were nearly drowned by his screamings, but having made up his mind on the matter, Badrashun did not wait to parley. He promptly bade an attendant to fetch him a sword. Then came the stern command, "Strike the child on the neck, and give its head to one woman and its body to the other."

Badrashun said this in a loud, clear voice, that could be heard above the roaring of the infant, fully expecting that the true mother would rush forward to save her child from a bloody death. But what was his surprise and chagrin, when both women in chorus coolly assented to such an Alexandrian method of loosing the Gordian knot. The dervish was so taken aback by their coolness, and his nerves were so unstrung by the pain of his tooth and the impish howling of the miserable brat he could make no prohibitory signal to his attendant in time to save its life. For the fellow being a man of very literal turn of mind, took his master's command in good faith, seconded as it was by the assent of the women, and promptly divided the child in the manner indicated.

This mischance grieved Badrashun very much, and made him anxious to get rid of his tooth before his fame were blurred by any more such miscarriages of justice. He allowed several empirics to try their hand at its extraction, with large results in the way of torture, but not the slightest slackening on the part of the molar.

One day, however, a servant announced that a famous physician, having heard of his distress, had come to offer his skill, and was now at the palace gates asking admission.

"Bring him hither," said the dervish, "but tell him first that I have already suffered too much at the hands of charlatans. If he only succeeds in tormenting me, by the beard of the Prophet, I shall bastinado him with a thousand strokes, cut off his nose and ears, and proclaim him to the world as a bare-faced impostor. If he chooses to try his hand on these conditions he may do so."

The servant made a low obeisance and withdrew to acquaint the stranger with these hard terms. He promptly accepted them and was forthwith ushered into the presence of Badrashun. The latter saw before him a tall, strongly built man, in the prime of life, with the muscles of a blacksmith, and a zealous determination in his eye that made the dervish tremble for the result.

"You are aware of my conditions," said Badrashun, "I wish to discourage quackery of every sort, and if you feel doubtful of your success, I would advise you not to attempt the operation."

"Revered sage," replied the stranger, bowing low before the dervish, "I am confident of my ability to relieve you."

He then displayed a package of tools of the most villainous appearance, and selecting a very powerful pair of forceps, remarked casually: "I never let go after once getting a hold. These forceps will be wedded to your tooth until death does them part."

This reassuring language inspired Badrashun with the hope that he was about to be finally rid of his ever-recurring torture. So with solemn cheerfulness, and bracing his nerves for the struggle, he allowed the physician to apply his instrument.

It was a fearful struggle, but the stranger was true to his word. Not once did the forceps slip, not even when their wielder dragged his victim out of the attic window, and held him at arm's length, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth. Not the forceps but the tooth gave way, and down the dervish fell into an abyss of apparent bottomless profundity. His senses forsook him, and when he came to himself he was lying in his little tent under the palm trees, and saw, as it were with the corner of his eye, the pilgrim he had succored, hastily putting the magic tooth in its jeweled box. But before he could open his mouth in toothless exclamations or raise himself upon his old and infirm limbs, the magician had followed the dissolved phantoms of his grandeur, and he raw around him only the modest paraphernalia of a poor ascetic, a few palm trees and endless stretches of glistening sand.

Some Royal Shoes.

The Princess Louise has a small foot. The size is about 3½. There are a couple of pair of shoes to match every dress and a lot of colored Russia leather, morocco and black shoes. There is a long pair of Russia leather boots, with pointed toes and low heels; a slight ornamental stitching runs around the toecaps. High glace kid boots are made, some with thin soles and some with thick, the upper layer of kid being cut out in an open pattern as ornament. A pair of high bronze boots is finished in the same way. For winter wear waterproof boots reaching quite to the knee are provided, and for country wear among the heather a pair of field boots in porpoise leather is included in the order. These lace and unlace just in front of the ankle. Red morocco shoes, with a fleur-de-lis of the same material reversed upon a patent leather toecap are the most ornamental item of the list. Dressing slippers in the fine t pigskin are lined with red satin.

Older Than He Looked.

An Irishman was ordered to make a coffin, which he did; and to paint the inscription on the lid, which he did after a fashion that caused a little excitement in the churchyard.

By dint of following the written copy, he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Heffery, aged—" but, try as he would, he could not represent the 28

At last he remembered that he could write seven, and that four sevens made 28. So he finished the inscription, which read "aged 7777."

When they came to bury Michael, the coffin stood at the grave side, and the priest spoke as follows:

"Ah, he was a fine lad. He's lying there so still, taken away in the very prime of life. Young as he was, too, only—" Here the priest looked down at the coffin plate to see how old Michael was.

"He was only," said his reverence again, and he put his glasses on, and went nearer to see how old he really was. "He was only," he continued, "seven thousand, seven hundred, and seventy seven years!"

Ursa Major.

Professor of Astronomy—Gentlemen, if you wish to examine the Great Bear, come this evening to my study.

A Successful Appeal.

A colored preacher in Georgia opened the service with the announcement of a collection for a charitable object, and added, "But whichever of you it wuz wh'l stole Brudder Slowcome's sheep doan let him put nuffin in d's yeah plate!" Needless to say everybody contributed.

Caution Born of Experience.

Killen.—Will yez thry a slab av it, Dinny?
Brophy.—Pfwhat is it?
Killen.—Mince pie. Kathie's after bakin' it.
Brophy (who has dined there before.)—Cut it, an' I'll tak a couple o' dips av th' sawdust!—*Puck.*

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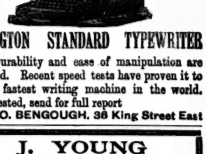

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Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. II] TORONTO, SEPT. 7, 1889. [No. 41

Hero Worship.

The world has had too much of hero worship. It is a relic of the days of semi-barbarism and mediævalism, altogether out of keeping with modern intelligence and the democratic principle. When the masses of men were ignorant and dependent nothing was more natural than that they should look for leadership and protection to kings, priests and chieftains, to the educated and intelligent few who alone possessed the power and ability of directing the masses. Hence arose the "great man" tradition, the idea sedulously fostered by Carlyle and other modern writers of his school, that great reforms and advance movements in the history of nations are due to the transcendent ability of prominent individuals. The "hero" or great man is exalted upon a pedestal and all the rest of the race are represented as pigmies in comparison. However necessary it might have been in bygone ages to look to the few of surpassing wisdom or genius for direction, modern hero-worship is an anachronism. This is a levelling age and the levelling process is upwards rather than downwards. The people who lament the dearth of great statesmen and heaven-born leaders forget that the general intelligence and capacity has been so increased that it is far less easy than formerly for any individual to impress the world with his immensely superior capabilities. He is tested at every point by comparison with a score of rivals of about equal ability. Moreover, the old time great man was not perpetually under the lime-light of keen public scrutiny. There were no hostile newspapers to show up his weak points, expose his stratagems and keep up a constant fire of criticisms and ridicule. It is a great mistake in these days to be continually scanning the political and literary horizons for a coming man or pinning your faith upon some rising leader as the man for the times. The days of hero worship are over. No sooner do we begin to take stock in some promising aspirant and get our pedestal ready to elevate him high over the throng than he is pretty sure by some act of weakness or treachery at a critical time to show himself unworthy of our homage. It is never safe to trust to leaders. They are generally eaten up with egotism and self-conceit and ready to use their worshippers as the stepping stones to their own advancement. The plain common-sense and honest purpose of the masses is far more to be trusted than the vaunted statesmanship and resource of a few prominent individuals. We shall be saved if we are to be saved by the integrity and intelligence of the people as a whole and not by any heaven-sent hero or great man.

First Impressions.

The instinctive attraction or aversion experienced by people on meeting for the first time, is a common feature in the works of fiction. You can nearly always tell when the hero or heroine describes his or her feelings on introduction to one of the other characters, how the newcomer is to affect his or her future, as lover, enemy, or rival. And there are a great many people in real life who have unbounded faith in their first impression of others. They instinctively feel that the person introduced is a rascal or a man to be trusted and treat him accordingly. They pride themselves on their ability to discern character at a glance and are with difficulty induced to reconsider their hastily formed judgment, yet nothing is more deceptive than physiognomy. Most people who have tried to "size up" newly-formed acquaintances by their general appearance, if honest, will have to confess that they have judged wrongly as often as rightly. The prepossessing, open-featured man, hearty and friendly in manner, who carried frankness and honesty on his countenance has often turned out to be a rough and the secretive looking, embarrassed individual whose features wore a sinister, malign expression, as likely as not proved worthy of confidence. It is never safe to depend on first impressions or jump at conclusions as to character from the demeanor or aspect of those you meet for the first time. Nature often hangs out false lights and gives an exterior quite at variance with the true characteristics of the individuals. Love at first sight sounds very romantic and pretty and there are instances in which an attachment thus formed has led to a lasting and a happy union. William Cobbett's sudden resolution to marry the girl he caught sight of engaged in washing clothes is an instance in point. But least of all in such an important matter as marriage are first impressions to be trusted, and those who fancy that a sudden and spontaneous attraction necessarily implies that harmony of disposition which is essential to a happy marriage are generally speedily disillusionized.

The manuscript of the only contribution that Dickens ever made to *Punch* was lately sold in London for $60. At the same sale the original manuscript of four stanzas of Hood's Song of the Shirt brought only $40.

Nothing is so tiresome as walking through a beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grapes and chuckystones.

My colleague of the dramatic column will, I believe, have a few original ideas to put forth concerning the hot weather, so that that particular subject—hardly a musical one, you will say—will need no ventilation on my part, beyond saying that it tends to keep down the consideration and planning of musical events, with perhaps one or two exceptions, as the exertion of decision and origination is a decided bore in this weather. The schools and teachers, however, have been charged with more energy than the promoters of concerts and the artists who sing thereat, as our advertising columns will bear faithful witness, and the showing therein is gratifying to all who look upon Toronto, as we do, as a musical center of both present and future importance. All the institutions and teachers are sanguine of heavy work this season, judging by the numerous applications already in.

This is quite natural, for there is no city in Canada that offers the advantages that Toronto does in the way of visiting concerts and opera companies, besides the almost innumerable local concerts that grace each season. From these there is much to be learnt in the way of both conception and emission. In addition to this the powers of our teachers, as well as their number, are improving each year, and it will not be long before Canadians, at all events, will awake to the fact that a generally effective musical education may be acquired at home, as well as in Boston or New York. And the more encouragement is given to those engaged in the work here, the greater will be the excellence and scope of the work done.

Our musical people are gradually returning to town and work. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choirmaster of St. Simon's Church, and musical director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, has returned from Mackinac Island, where he, together with Mrs. Harrison, was the guest of Hon. Lyman Norris of Grand Rapids, Mich. During the coming season Mr. Harrison will give organ recitals and lectures in connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, A. C. O., England, also returned on Wednesday, looking hale and hearty after his trip to England, and wearing his new honors with the most becoming humility.

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Mrs. Agnes Thomson has been spending the summer at The Moorings on the Island, and is now the picture of health. During the summer she has been studying with Mr. Lyman Wheeler with the most gratifying results. I heard her sing a few evenings ago, and was more than ever charmed with her art. Her voice has filled out and rounded, and still retains the crystalline purity which has always been her chief charm, while the sympathy and artistic delivery in her performance has much increased.

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The Hamilton papers are much excited over the suggestion started by SATURDAY NIGHT, that we should have a Summer Carnival in Toronto, and one of them suggests that such a scheme would interfere with the success of our Exhibition. This ground is not well taken, as those who attend the Exhibition represent, in the main, an entirely different constituency from those who would be able to attend a Midsummer Carnival. Such a carnival would be additionally sure of success if music generally and in all its phases were made so strong a feature, that all visitors would be struck by the wealth of our musical resources. This would be so much more the case, as music is a department which has not been sufficiently considered as an attraction *per se* by the directors of the Exhibition. Music could and should be made a most powerful attraction at a midsummer festival, when aquatic sports and open air amusements are possible and desirable. In the autumn these adjuncts cannot always be depended upon.

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Because Hamilton has some musical resources is no real reason why our much larger wealth in this line should be stored away in a lumber room. We could provide a feast of music which would be impossible in the smaller city. Band tournaments, mammoth choruses of school children, our many parks illuminated and rendered joyous with music, would provide a harmony of sweet sounds that have not been equalled in America.

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That charming contralto, Miss Agnes Huntington, not long ago assisted in the two-hundredth performance of Planquette's Paul Jones. Her many admirers in Toronto will be glad to hear that the success of this opera is due to the charm of her acting and singing. It is amusing to note how surprised the London papers are to find that Miss Huntington can sing a higher class of music in the most artistic manner. She is also becoming quite a social *lionne*. She gave a concert at the Hotel Metropole in aid of the English Theatrical Charities and of the English aristocracy.

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Pretty little Ida Mulle who sang the part of Rose in the Yeomen of the Guard, will be at the Grand again this year in the Said Pasha Company.

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Among the concerts to be given in Toronto in the early autumn are those of the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, the Musin Concert Company, and the Levy Concert Company.

METRONOME.

Gouging a Glass Eye.

"Thar' goes the meanest man in Chinook!" growled one of the old mossbacks of the Gunnison valley, as he pointed to a man on the opposite side of the street.

"How so?"

"When he first came here we had a fight. It was to be a fair fight and no knifing. I got him down and got the gouge on his right eye, and what d'ye s'pose happened?"

"He cried quits."

"No, he didn't. Durn his shadder, but he had a glass eye thar', and I kept foolin' with it until he had me licked!"

It may be as trite and commonplace in some instances to commence an article by alluding to the weather as it usually is to commence a conversation in that way; but it is certainly pardonable in writing about theatrical matters where the weather, especially if it be warm, has such an importantly depressing effect on the success of the run of a play. The depression is not felt in the box office alone. It affects largely the actors and actresses on the stage, and destroys half the pleasure of those who came to see and hear. This will be attested by those who attended the Grand Opera House on Monday last—the opening night. The heat was intense, and as a consequence the audiences that greeted Mr. Nat Goodwin's first appearance in Toronto in "the legitimate" were smaller than the merits of the play and the company deserved.

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The plot of A Gold Mine, Mr. Goodwin's play, is located in England. Silas K. Woolcott (Mr. Goodwin), an American from California, and the owner of the gold mine, goes to England to sell it. There he meets the Hon. Mrs. Meredith, a fascinating widow, sister to Sir Everard Foxwood, Knight, and falls in love with her. He is endeavoring to sell his mine to Sir Everard, and while doing so is a frequent guest at his place, where he becomes much interested in the baronet's son, because he reminds him of his own brother, who committed suicide because of financial difficulties, and also his daughter, Una Foxwood, who is engaged to be married to an Irish M. P. The bargain is not consummated at once on account of a difference in the prices asked and offered which neither person is willing to overcome. Meanwhile Mr. Woolcott is falling deeper in love and creating much amusement in the aristocratic English home by interlarding his conversation with American slang expressions. Suddenly debts contracted by young George Foxwood to the amount of £10,000 fall due. How to prevent his father hearing of it and to save himself from disgrace is the question. His aunt and sister try to devise some plan and fail. Finally Woolcott discovers the condition of affairs. He pledges himself to help the boy. Accordingly he offers the mine to Sir Everard at his own price of £15,000. But the miserly knight discovering that the American is pressed for money, beats him down to £10,000, just the sum required—and when he finds he is thus left penniless he offers him a situation in Palestine. Mrs. Meredith, however, learns what Woolcott has done, and also gets the details of her brother's dishonesty from his confidential agent, who is an ardent admirer of her, and forestalls him in some more villainy by buying the mine herself with the intention of restoring it to its original owner. When Woolcott comes to make his adieux, before going to the Holy Land, explanations ensue, followed by a proposal of marriage and everything is as it should be.

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Dramatically considered A Gold Mine is not as great a play. The story is a very commonplace one and very transparent in its complications. As soon as the difficulty of the play is introduced, one foresees the denouement. It is in the characterization, however, and not in the incident that the strength of this play lies. The idea of showing how the free and easy colloquial expressions of an American break in with a startling effect upon the stately placidity of a refined English family is an excellent one and capable, I think, of producing even more fun than the authors of A Gold Mine have taken out of it. The drawing of the kind-hearted, careless Yankee, who has had—as he says himself—"many ups and downs, mostly downs," is skilfully and artistically done and is brimful of those touches of nature which stir the feelings of those accustomed to the vicissitudes of life in a land where fortune is so fluctuating as it is in these new countries. Woolcott is emphatically the character of the play. The play is wrought around the character, not the character built into the play.

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Mr. Goodwin has just cause for self-congratulation in the success with which his efforts in the line of refined and intellectual comedy have been received. When he is seen in this new effort in the legitimate school of comedy one cannot help wondering how he followed in his old line so long. Probably the answer would not be far off the truth did it state that the comedy which calls for physical skill rather than mental, was both more popular and more profitable for a young actor. In this role of Silas Woolcott he portrays the finer touches of humor and pathos with much skill and power, and succeeded in holding the close attention of his audience from beginning to end. Mr. Goodwin's company gives good support. Miss Isabel Coe as Mrs. Meredith gave a clever if not a powerful rendering of her part. Miss May Durfee as Una Foxwood did good work. Mrs. Vandervast, an ex-tragedienne who can never get over the fact that she "played Juliet," is a character introduced for comedy purposes, but is rather weak and could easily be dispensed with. Mr. Paul Arthur as Gerald Riordan, M. P., and Mr. Robert C. Wilson as Sir Everard Foxwood took their parts with a great deal of care and ability.

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On Monday the famous Hanlon Brothers will present their wonderful spectacular productions, The New Fantasma. It is just a year since their remarkable play was last given at the Grand Opera House, and it is safe to say the public will be startled by the countless new mechanical effects and weird scenes which the Hanlons have put into the piece. Only the very best material in last season's production has been retained, and for what has been removed there has been substituted scenes and situations never yet produced upon the stage, and in the line of which the Hanlons stand unrivalled. The Hanlons have made many alterations in Fantasma, and when the curtain rises on Monday night the public will find that the Hanlons have, with their usual liberality, left nothing undone to make their production the strongest and without doubt the most enjoyable that will be seen in Toronto this season.

The play of Tom Sawyer, which has been running at the Toronto Opera House this week, can scarcely be called by the utmost stretch of fancy, a dramatization of Mark Twain's book. It seems to be a very indifferent combination of Tom Sawyer and Peck's Bad Boy. There is no plot worth mentioning and absurdity follows absurdity without sense or coherence. The parts of the performance which seemed to "take" best with the audience were the songs and dances by Mr. Will E. Burton, Miss May Vokes and Miss Carrie Ezeir. Next week, Lost in New York.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard is replacing the orchestra chairs of the Grand with new ones of the latest improved patterns, and the sofas at the back with the old orchestra chairs, which will add largely to the comfort of those occupying that part of the house. The newly and nicely painted wings are a refreshing resting-place for the eye of the frequent habitue of the house.

Rosina Vokes begins her tour at Cleveland on September 23. Miss Vokes will appear in The Tinted Venus and Wig and Gown.

Olga Brandon, of the midnight eyes, has been secured by Manager J. S. Clarke for the Kendal tour in this country.

Edwin Booth has donated $500 for the formation of a library to bear his name in his native town of Bel Air, Md.

It is related that when Nat Goodwin first essayed to go on the stage at the Providence Opera House in a temperance play called The Bottle he was seized with stage fright after dressing and making up for the part and actually decamped from the theater. Search was made for him when it was his cue to go on, but Nat could not be found; so after keeping the stage waiting for some time the audience getting impatient, his part was cut out and the play proceeded without him. Fortunately the manager considered there was something in the young man and knowing what stage fright meant, considering it rather a good sign than otherwise, enticed the young man back and gave him another chance.

In the MS. of the dramatised form of Never Too Late to Mend, the late Charles Reade penned a marginal note to one passage: "If the audience fails to weep here, the passage has not been properly acted."

The Kendals will begin their American season in A Scrap of Paper, which Sardou borrowed from a German two-act play, That Confounded Letter.

At a bodega in Munich there sat a number of jolly boon companions round a table, and among the rest M——, the well-known popular comedian, who rose to make a touching appeal to the philanthropy and generosity of the other gentlemen present, on behalf of "a poor fellow-actor." In a twinkling fifty marks were collected and handed over to the comedian, who pocketed the money and sententiously remarked: "There, now the rascal only owes me five marks!"

Despite all reports to the contrary, Manager E. G. Gilmore will star Mrs. Leslie Carter so soon as a play can be found to suit her capacity.

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Modjeska is to be paid $800 a week for her services with Edwin Booth. Billy Emerson, the minstrel, receives $500 a week from W. S. Cleveland, Bob Slavin, the minstrel, is paid $300 a week and Maurice Barrymore $250.

W. J. Florence has returned from his European trip to prepare for his tour with Joseph Jefferson, which will begin October 14.

Kate Claxton's new venture, Bootles' Baby, has "caught on" in New York, and is attracting very large receipts. It furnishes a realistic picture of the barrack life of the officers of a crack English regiment.

Breaking the Bad News Gently.

An old gentleman, who for many years has conducted a large timber business, has grown very stout, and his friends have felt obliged to protect him from sudden agitations of any kind, lest he suffer an apoplectic shock in consequence. Therefore, when the rumor came to the house the other day that his timber yard was afire, the family were greatly disturbed how to acquaint him with the bad news. At last a favorite niece, quite famous for her tact, undertook the delicate task.

"Uncle," she said, trembling in spite of her efforts to appear calm, "there's a fire in the neighborhood of your yard, but they say it's under control, and that the yard is saved."

The old man wheeled about in his chair, and his face assumed a look and color that almost terrified his niece herself into a fit.

"You say there is a fire near my yard?" he gasped.

"Yes, uncle; but it's under control, I am sure. Yes, I think I hear the engines coming back," and she really did hear a reassuring noise of that sort in the street as she spoke.

"A fire next my yard," continued the old man, "and it didn't burn? You're sure it didn't burn, Minnie?"

"Oh, sure; yes, very sure. I'm certain now I hear the engines returning."

The old man gave an ominous groan.

"Well if that ain't just my luck! To keep that yard fully insured these twenty years, and now in this dull time, with all that stock on hand, it won't burn!"

And the aged dealer fell back limp in the chair.

"Oh, auntie, cousin, everybody! Quick!" screamed Minnie. "Uncle's got the apoplexy!"

De Quincey's Grave.

A correspondent writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows: "It is almost thirty years since De Quincey died, and his last resting-place, in the west church yard at Edinburgh, under the shadow of the Castle Rock, and marked by a plain weather-stained mural tablet, is known to comparatively few, and from its utterly neglected condition is seemingly cared for by no one." The mural tablet is not weather-stained and his grave is not utterly neglected, but well cared for by some loving hand or other. When in Edinburgh I almost always visit his grave, and only on Thursday, May 23 last, I was there, and as the birds sang about in the grounds, the trees rustled, and the sun shone, I could hardly think of him sleeping in a more lovely spot, save it might be along with Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge in the church yard at Grasmere.

Run Over.

For Saturday Night.

Lay her down gently in this shady place,
Here is my coat to fold beneath her head.
Well that the cruel wheels have spared her face!—
What does it matter, though, since she is dead!

What can aught matter now to her who sleeps
Calm as a child, amid the city's roar?
Whoever suffers now, whoever weeps,
She is at rest, at last for ever more.

"Such a sad accident!" the world will cry.
Well! 'tis a natural thought; but, could they know!
What was there left indeed of her to die
In whom e'en hope was dead so long ago?

Is it to live to weep through night away,
To wonder if its hours will ever run,
And yet to view with dread the dawning day
That wears so slowly to the setting sun?

Ah, lay her down! E'en now, upon her face
Death's kindly hand smooths out the lines of pain.
Who watching it can doubt God's wondrous grace,
Or that death is to her unspoken gain?

ESPERANCE.

To A—— K——.

For Saturday Night.

Like the fairest morn in spring,
Or like the swallow on the wing,
Or like the pansy's velvet bloom,
Or like the sky when stars illume,
Or like the fountain's lightful stream,
Or like fair Luna's silver beam;
Like these thy charms, my fairest one,
Their beauties thine, my dearest one.

The bird is free, the morn—a gleam,
The pansy chaste, the stars—a dream,
The fount is fresh, the moonbeams own
Thou art as fair, my precious one.

Like the noble mountain peak,
Or like the gold that miners seek,
Or like the soul to heaven borne,
Or like the brows that wreaths adorn,
Or like the azure summer sky,
Or like the clouds that float on high,
Like these thy charms, my fairest one,
Their beauties thine, my dearest one.

The mount is grand, my dearest one,
The soul is saved, the brows are fair,
The sky serene, the clouds would own
Thou'rt rarer far, my fairest one.

Like the deer that woodlands roam,
Or like a song, or like a poem,
Or like a sculptured fane in Greece,
Or like a painter's masterpiece,
Or like an organ's lofty swell,
Or like the echo of a bell;
Like these thy charms, my fairest one,
Their beauties thine, my dearest one.

The organ thrills, the echo sighs,
The temple's famed, the painting prized,
The poem inspires, the fawn would own
Thou art as shy, my fairest one.

Like the evening's crimson glow,
Or like the newly fallen snow,
Or like the smiling of the morn,
Or like the fancy poet born,
Or like the sun's pellucid sheen,
Or like the poem's ripple keen;
Like these thy charms, my fairest one,
Their beauties thine, my dearest one.

The eye—a blush, the morn—a prayer,
The snow is pure, the fancy rare,
The sun is light, my song is flown
Thy fame to sing, my fairest one.

HALE.

To a Sheet of Paper.

(BLOWN FROM MY DESK THE OTHER WINDOW.)

For Saturday Night.

Light and airy,
Sportive fairy,
Whither art thou going?
Whilst I ponder
Thou dost wander
With the mad wind blowing.

Why this caper
Naughty paper,
Wherefore dost thou leave me,
Foolish rover,
Thy new lover
Shortly will deceive thee,

His caresses
And embraces
Will but last a minute,
He will flirt thee
To some dirty
Hole and leave thee in it.

Nobler ending
Was impending,
Hadst thou longer waited,
Till with glowing
Words and flowing
Thou wert duly fighted.

Close inspected,
Sealed, directed
To some famous journal,
Monthly, weekly
Or more meekly
Newspaper diurnal.

Then some mighty
Scribe would sight thee,
Greater fame who ask it?
He would grip thee
Glance at, slip thee
In his wide waste basket.

Ottawa. WILLIAM MCGILL.

Submission.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there;
Well-pleased a prisoner to be,
Because my God, it pleaseth thee.

My cage confines me 'round,
Abroad I cannot fly,
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find,
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

MADAME GUION.

Noted People.

Mr. Oscar Wilde severs his connection with the *Woman's World* on the appearance of the September number.

The Rev. Phœbe Hanaford, who is nearly sixty-five years of age, is said to have "the elastic step of a girl of twenty."

Elizabeth Akers Allen, author of Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, lives at Ridgewood, N. J. She began writing poetry at the age of fifteen.

Ouida covers large sheets of blue paper with an almost undecipherable chirography, written in an exceedingly bold and masculine hand.

The Browning Society of London have reached a "poem" by their idol, which they can't explain, and they've had to ask him to interpret it for them.

A letter which was directed to The Learned Mr. Ruskin, England, careened about that little country for three whole days before it fell into the hands of a postoffice official who knew where to send it.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, of bird-lore fame, is in the Berkshire Hills, where she has been collecting and writing up bird stories. Mrs. Miller, it is said, would prefer other fields in literature, but it is on birds the editors want to hear from her. She is a Brooklyn woman.

Mrs. Virginia Janus, the painter, who made her New York reputation as Miss Yarbeel, writes from Denver, where she is spending the summer, that she can't understand the way the American authors in Belford's symposium omit George Meredith from their lists of favorite novelists. Her favorite novel of all the world is The Egoist.

A picturesque bit of conversation was overheard the other day between two English-women. They were experimenting with a black straw hat, which, as it came from the milliner's, was not satisfactory. "How will it do this way?" aid one. "Oh, not at all," was the reply, "It looks just like the queen this way—like the thing she wears with a shawl when she goes riding around on a donkey." "Say no more," said No. 1, as she speedily bent the hat back into its original shape.

The Empress Augusta of Germany removed recently from the Electoral Palace, Coblenz, where she had been residing for two months, to Babelsberg, the favorite summer residence of the late Emperor William, near Potsdam, where she intends to reside for about five weeks before going to Baden-Baden for the autumn. Babelsberg has not been occupied since the old Emperor last resided there in August, 1887, but the beautiful gardens and park are always kept in the most perfect order, and the famous fountains frequently play.

Edison is described by a young man who visited his home at Orange, N. J., as "a well-built, clean shaven man, who looks as if he had hurried from his work to greet you, and had brought some of the care with him. The phonograph," he says, "amused and interested us, and our boys talked to it; the instrument retailing their remarks to the next party that came. We asked for a speech from Mr. Edison, but his secretary said: 'No, he would not make a speech; he was very kind in allowing us the privilege of viewing his phonograph with the satisfaction of being able to say we had seen Edison.' At leaving we gave him three cheers, with enthusiasm, and—that's about all."

Miss Kate Field has written to Mrs. Marie Walsh, saying "that she has read her novel, 'His Wife or His Widow?' with a great deal of interest, and the story might have happened during Brigham Young's reign in Utah." It is being reported in the papers, by the way, that Kate Field does her literary work arrayed in a red satin gown. Of course she does, and always did wear a red satin gown on every possible and impossible occasion, and a garment to make angels weep it usually is. Kate is no exception to the rule that women who write about clothes, particularly about reforming them, are the dowdiest-looking people on the globe. Mrs. Jenness Millar is the nearest thing to an exception to the rule that you can scare up, and she is not much of an exception; her skirts always look a little queer.

New York *Truth* says: "I wonder if Ella Wheeler Wilcox ever thinks of the days when she lived at home with 'Ma' in a little town in Wisconsin called Sun Prairie. Had 'Ma Wilcox' lived in New Jersey she would have run great risk of the ducking stool. When this irascible old dame was not piecing rising star bed quilts together, she was leaning on a mop in the front doorway yelling: 'Ellie, Ellie, you Ellie, come in this house right quick or I'll ——!' And then the old lady would start in on one of her tirades against everything that had ever come under her notice. It was a popular belief among the neighbors' children that the hollyhocks and sunflowers that grew in Ma Wheeler's front yard wilted when that dame got started on one of her tantrums."

The arrangements for Mr. Gladstone's visit to the West of Scotland have been left pretty much in the hands of the host, Lord Brassey. That noble lord and his yacht, Sunbeam, are at present with the manœuvring fleets, and until he returns the programme for his leader's northern voyage will not be completed. In all probability Mr. Gladstone will spend from a week to ten days in Scotch waters, and in the course of that time may find opportunity to deliver one or two speeches. Both the ex-Premier and Lord Brassey were anxious that politics should not be introduced into the excursion, but pressure in an opposite direction was so strong that they had to give way. Mrs. Gladstone will accompany her husband, and it is probable that the party may include the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen and Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

Miss Mary Anderson has been paying her third visit to Malvern Wells. The lady has quite captivated the inhabitants by her unaffected manners. She freely conversed with them, saying that she was charmed with the village and its surroundings and has never seen a more delightful spot. It is about a mile from here that the late Jenny Lind lived after her retirement from the stage, and where she died. Miss Anderson's dresses attracted much attention. On weekdays she was attired in a large sun hat, and light-colored costumes. On Sunday morning, when she attended St. Walstan's Roman Catholic Church, she wore an elegant costume of grey, with a crimson silk waistcoat, a small but pretty black velvet mantle, trimmed with jet, and a hat of black velvet trimmed with birds. Miss Mary Anderson has now gone north to see what the West Highlands will do for her health.

The Shah of Persia, while on his visit to England, was much interested in the head blocks which he saw in the Tower. When the Prince of Wales told him that they were not now used, he was much surprised; and upon learning that hanging was the mode of execution at present, became thoroughly interested and said he wanted to see a man hanged. The Prince assured him that unless convicted of a capital offence, no man could be put to death; and his heathenish and brutal guest immediately replied that he had sixty servants, and two of them he didn't want, and they could be used to illustrate the method of execution in vogue in England. The servants, however, thanks to the laws of the country they were in, left without being made victims to the Shah's curiosity.

Browning declares his purpose to "die in harness." One who met him not long ago says that "there is something truly inspiring about the hearty ring of his voice and the gladness of his laugh; and you feel instinctively that you are in the presence of a man who has lived life well and has reaped the reward of such in his old age. He is indeed the most courteous and lovable of men, a nobleman in every sense of the word. He is apparently very happy in his new house at Kensington, which is full, too, of mementoes of the past. The old poet will show you the lock of Milton's hair given him by Leigh Hunt; while the house contains many memorials of that marvelous singer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The walls are hung with some paintings by his artist son and altogether the spirit of the place possesses you, and you feel you are on very sacred ground."

Pansy, Mrs. Alden, the romantico-religious writer so popular with church going young people all over the country, has borne her *non de plume* was only six when an innocent minded exploit of laboriously picking all the pansies in her mother's garden, and presenting them to her, won from her what was afterwards to become a widely-known pseudonym. Her first book was written at twenty. Between fifty and sixty volumes now bear her name, and they are a curious evidence of what pleases the religious public, being in intellectual strength far below the work of the late E. P. Roe. Mrs. Alden is, however, a wonderful worker in quantity if not in quality. She writes the primary lesson department of the *Westminster Teacher*, edits the *Presbyterian Primary Quarterly*, and the children's magazine, *Pansy*, and writes a serial story for the *Herald and Presbytery* every winter.

A Famous Authoress.

MISS BRADDON.

In the whole realm of contemporary fiction, there is no more popular or widely-read authoress than Mary Elizabeth Braddon. Like all true literary geniuses, her bent was early developed, and she indulged it after the usual fashion by writing sentimental verses, political squibs and literary sketches for the Poet's Corner of provincial newspapers. But Bulwer-Lytton was the first author of note who gave her any real encouragement, and to him she dedicated her first novel, Lady Audley's Secret. The story of that story is a romance in itself. Mr. Maxwell, the well-known publisher, had started a magazine called *Robin Goodfellow*, but there had been some difficulty in regard to the opening novel, and the new periodical was on the eve of postponement, a serious *contretemps* in the face of its extensively-advertised date of publication. The day before a decision was necessary, Miss Braddon heard of the difficulty and offered to write the story.

"But even if you were strong enough to fill the position," was the publisher's reply, "there is no time."

"How long could you give me?" asked the aspiring authoress.

"Until to-morrow morning."

"At what time to-morrow morning?"

"If the first instalment were on my breakfast table to-morrow morning," he replied, indicating by his tone and manner the utter impossibility of the thing, "it would be in time."

The next morning the publisher found upon his breakfast table the opening chapters of Lady Audley's Secret.

Robin Goodfellow, however, did not hit the public fancy and died a natural death some time afterwards. Maxwell lost money over it; but he discovered Miss Braddon, whose story took the town by storm, and laid the foundation of a lasting fame and prosperity. This has since been extended by the appearance of Aurora Floyd, Eleanor's Victory, John Marchmont's Legacy, Henry Dunbar, The Trail of the Serpent, Publicans and Sinners, Joshua Haggard's Daughter, The Ladies' Mile, Sir Joshua's Tenant, Only a Clod, Fenton's Quest, The Doctor's Wife, Weavers and Weft, Rupert Godwin, Run to Earth, Dudley Carleon, or The Brother's Secret, George Caulfield's Journey, An Open Verdict, Lost for Love, Lucius Davering, The Lovels of Arden, Vixen, The Octoroon, Birds of Prey, Dead Sea Fruit, To the Bitter End, Strangers and Pilgrims, Barbara, or Splendid Misery, The Cloven Foot, Hostages to Fortune, Dead Men's Shoes, Under the Red Flag, Taken at the Flood, Diavola, or Nobody's Daughter, A Strange World, The Fatal Marriage, The Shadow in the Corner, Charlotte's Inheritance, Mount Royal, Asphodel, Just As I Am, or A Living Lie, The Golden Calf, Phantom Fortune, An Ishmaelite, Mohawks, Wyllard's Weird, One Thing Needful, Cut By The County, Like and Unlike, The Fatal Three, It is Easier for a Camel and The Day Will Come, her *last* and *best*.

In appearance Miss Braddon is tall, angular, and raw-boned, with a shock of sandy hair, and a complexion that suggests horse exercise and open air generally, rather than pen and ink and hard work in a library. She has a kindly expression, but there is a certain tired look about her eyes, which suggests that their owner is thinking for the moment of her work, taxed unexpectedly with a sudden idea, or worried with the vagaries of one of the fictitious characters she has created and cannot altogether control.

Miss Braddon is married to her publisher, John Maxwell, a keen man of business, who has enacted every part on the journalistic stage from printer to newspaper proprietor.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell reside with their children at Lichfield House, a stately Queen Anne structure, near Richmond, which is said to have been built by the famous Sir Christopher Wren. It was formerly the palace of the Bishops of Lichfield, and every room in it is crowded with pictures, curios and bric-a-brac, of which Mr. Maxwell is an inveterate collector.

Miss Braddon's particular den is a large, square room, looking out upon a long, trim George the First garden. It is a thoroughly business-like room, with no nonsense about it. There are none of your new-fangled fantastic friezes, or old gold *portieres*, or Japanese Tom-fooleries to relieve the eye. The furniture consists of a somewhat disorderly desk, that might have been made for a lawyer's clerk, a stiff-backed, uncushioned chair, and a set of plain, solid book-shelves laden down with books, one shelf being devoted to several volumes of carefully-written extracts from books and newspapers which have struck the gifted authoress as being worth rescuing from the lot of the ungodly.

Miss Braddon is not one of those writers who work by the clock and turn out their copy with mechanical exactness. She has her womanlike methods, but she also has moods. "My idea of a perfect and pleasant day," she says, "is to devote the whole of it to writing and reading; when I say the whole of it, I mean from breakfast at ten, say until dinner at seven, with intervals of strong tea, and sometimes a little luncheon. I can do this four days a week and enjoy it, and get through a lot of work, if I have the other two for riding, and more especially for hunting." For she is an expert horsewoman, and between her hours of work may be seen scouring the roads in the neighborhood of Richmond in all weathers on her favorite chestnut.

But Miss Braddon is no less a famous housekeeper than she is a dashing horsewoman. Her forte is lark pie and she spends a considerable portion of the morning in the hallowed precincts of the pantry. She is indeed singularly free from those eccentricities which usually accompany genius. Macbeth is perhaps her only weak point. She will go any distance within reason to see it, and sit it out from start to finish every night in the week. It may be that this peculiar hobby is prompted by some lingering memory of the far-away days when, under the name of Arabella Stewart, she herself graced the boards in the stock company of John Harris of the Theater Royal, Dublin, better known to the profession as King John.

Miss Braddon is almost as reticent as Dickens to speak about herself. It is next to impossible to get her into conversation about her own books, her methods of work, or her opinions concerning the results of her labors. She prefers to talk to you concerning some other author. Her favorite is Dickens, whom she says, has given her more pleasure all round than any other writer. She also admires Charles Reade very much, both as a man and a writer, and is fond of George Eliot, Rhoda Broughton and Wilkie Collins. When she first began to scribble, Bulwer was her ideal author and in her earlier sketches she affected the long-winded and grandiose conversations and exaggerated sentiment peculiar to the author of the Lady of Lyons, but Wilkie Collins' Woman in White converted her to what is called the sensational school, of which she has become the head. She writes a strong, legible and characteristic hand and still follows the practice of making thumb-nail sketches of the intended scenes in her books before writing them.

Miss Braddon has written in all some fifty odd novels, and few books of the period have secured a wider circle of readers.—*Once a Week.*

Canadian Girls.

I was talking to an Englishman the other day who had traveled a great deal in every country, and had seen a great deal of European society. He said: "There are no women that I have met anywhere whom I admire so much as the Canadians—Torontonians I refer to principally. They strike such a happy medium in so many things where the extremities would be fatal, in mannerisms, habits, dressing, etc.

"To begin with the Englishwoman. As a nation they are dowdy—dreadfully dowdy—her ugly feet which they never attempt to make look better, and a way of coming down 'flap—flip—flap,' with them that is extremely ungraceful to say the least of it. (By the by, a French man once said the same thing to me, and the expression of his face when he articulated the sound, accompanied by the gesticulations of his hands which he used to represent the feet, made a spectacle of the Englishwoman that was most grotesque). Londoners, society people and those who travel much on the continent, dress well, but then they all look alike. You can tell a well dressed Englishwoman anywhere. She is always the counterpart of the last one you saw. The Frenchwoman is delightful, there is no mistake, but then (there is a 'but' you see even with them), there is always the flavor of naughtiness about them that would make you afraid to trust one, or make one your wife. They are brought up with such peculiar morals. The German lady is almost as bad as the Englishwoman—untidy, ungraceful and uninteresting.

"The American girl is such a poor imitation of the Frenchwoman, with a little more imprudence about her actions. A Frenchwoman whatever else she may be, is always discreet and never allows her faults to become glaring. The American frank and open and all that they quote themselves, but there always seems to me a defiance in her candor, something a little exaggerated in her boasted independence and daring, something which makes me remember her afterwards as unsexed.

"The Canadians are sweet and fresh, dignified and yet sociable, and bright and witty. Lost my heart here? Oh, no. I am a regular old bachelor, but I assure you this opinion is entirely unprejudiced and disinterested. The Canadian impresses me with the idea of having individual likes. In habits and customs and dress they do not take up one style and adopt it with a most sublime disregard of the suitability. They consider whether it is becoming, each in turn. If so, they adopt it. If not, they cast it out for themselves, or pass it on to the next one. A Canadian, if she is not clever, is content to be sweet and amiable and charming, and leave it to her sister to shine in the other way.

"She never seems to force a gayety foreign to her nature. If light and effervescent and bright, she does not

'A wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gayety, profound conceit,
As who would say: "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."'

Ah, yes. If ever I do marry, it shall be a Canadian girl. But mind you," he added, checking himself, "I do not mean to marry; and again assure you I am a confirmed bachelor."

"Bachelor of Divinity or Arts?" I laughed as I moved away. But I fancied I heard him say something of Canadian divinities, which I shall not tell you.

EVA DODGE.

Indian Sun Dance.

Extract from letter of a young bank clerk who has only been in Calgary a few weeks:

"I told you in my last letter that I intended to go and see a sun dance, as the ceremony very seldom occurs. I shall tell you all about it. I had no idea before I saw this how barbarous and uncivilized the Indians still are. The object of a sun dance is to make braves of the young Indians. Three days before the ceremony the Indians make a big inclosure, and cover it with the branches of trees. Here the braves (or fighting Indians) are penned up and starved for three days. At the expiration of this time they are all painted up, led out and laid down on the ground. The Medicine Man then proceeds to cut two slits in their chest; one on each side, through which two strong pieces of wood are inserted; they are then tied up to a large pole, and made to dance about until the flesh breaks. If they faint or yell out in pain they are considered worthless and condemned to be slaves for life; so they generally stick to it pretty well, I am told. I will distress you with no more details. It was too sickening a sight for a man to look on twice. I never want to witness another."

How Did He Know?

In one of his political campaigns, Governor Brough was pitted against Corwin. In the course of his speech the governor said: "Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches encouragement of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had it shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?" When Corwin's turn came, he began slowly and in a stammering, confused manner, as if he felt himself in a very embarrassing predicament. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have heard what my friend, Mr. Brough, has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges, and have only two things to say in my defence. The first is, that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it; the second is, that I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen, that is all the defence I have to offer; but before I go on with what I have to say upon the topics before us, I should like to ask how Brough happens to know anything about my carriage, unless he has been visiting my chicken roost?"—*Argonaut*

Blood is Thinner than Beer.

Magistrate—O'Rally, you are charged with assaulting and brutally beating Michael McDooly at the re-union of the O'Rally family yesterday. Have you anything to say?

O'Rally—Yes, yer Honor. The bloke's an impostho, sorr, and hasn't wan dhrop av the O'Rally blood in his skin, begorra. Niver laid me eyes on him afore, yer Honor, an' he dhrank oop all av the beer.

Magistrate—How is this, McDooly? Are you a kinsman of the prisoner?

McDooly—Faix, an' sure it is that I am, yer Honor; his grandfather wor Pathrick O'Rally av Belfast, an'

O'Rally—An' bedad, phat do that prove, yer Worship?

McDooly—An' Pathrick O'Rally's dochter marrit me own

O'Rally—He's lyin', yer Honor; he's lying. Me grandfather niver had any cheeldren at all, at all, sorr!

Above Blacksmithing.

The foreman of the Doodleville *Yelper* office was sick, and, in the absence of that functionary, a tramp printer was making up the forms.

"Mr. Clugston," he said, "there's just room in this column of stuff about the Terry shooting scrape in California for a cut of Sarah Althea Hill."

"I haven't any portrait of her in the office," replied Mr. Clugston.

"Haven't you any cut of Adelina Patti that you've used in some soap ad.?"

"No."

"Nor of the woman with the artificial nose?"

"No."

"No cut of Lydia Pinkham?"

"I think not."

"What!"

"I am positive we haven't any cut of Mrs. Pinkham."

"That settles it," exclaimed the tramp, putting on his coat and shouldering his bundle. "I thought this was a printing office. I find it isn't. I don't work in no durned blacksmith shop. Good day!"

Forget Ne Not.

Gus De Style—Miss Clara, I shall always think of you, though oceans intervene and my home be in foreign lands.

Miss Clara—I can't believe it, Gussie. When you are far away you won't mind poor me.

Gus De Style (with his hand on his heart)—Yes, dearest, I shall, for I always was absent-minded.

An Old Chicken.

Miss Lovelorn—Did you mean that as a smile at me?

Oldbeau—No, my dear; it was a twinge of the rheumatism.

Mrs. Maybrick.

(From her most recent photograph.)

A Father's Feelings.

He—What did your pater say when you told him we were engaged?
She—Oh, you must not ask me to repeat such language!

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER III.

When, on a sunshiny afternoon early in July, Mr. Francis Ashton, of the well-known firm of lawyers, Ashton, Clare and Ashton, of Lincoln's Inn, hailed a hansom and gave the driver an address in Mayfair, his handsome face was quite impassive, and there was not the faintest outward indication of the excitement under which he was certainly laboring.

When, half an hour previously, before leaving his office in the business time of his busy day, he had summoned his head clerk to his presence to give him a few directions, that important and astute functionary had detected nothing unusual in the manner of the head of the firm; and he would have been surprised indeed if he could have fathomed the depths of his employer's mind, and discovered the passion of triumph, of remorse, of love, of hate which burned beneath that perfectly calm exterior. But Francis Ashton himself was cognisant of it—and he was startled by its strength. Perhaps he himself was the only person who knew that he was not as cold, as calm, as unemotional as his acquaintances and the very few friends he possessed believed him to be. He was proud, reserved, strictly impartial, and perfectly trustworthy in all his business relations. People said that the great firm which had been so long and so deservedly respected would suffer nothing in its reputation during the supremacy of its present head; and they wondered also why he devoted himself so entirely to business and gave himself no little relaxation, taking no share in the pleasures of society.

Lawyer though he was, Mr. Ashton would have been a welcome guest at many of the houses of the leaders of rank and fashion. His mother had been an earl's daughter, and, apart from that, his father's family was an old and highly respectable one. But Francis Ashton seldom appeared in society, and match-making mothers of marriageable daughters had long since given up hoping to convert the highly eligible lawyer to matrimony.

Leaning back in the hansom which was rapidly bearing him westward, he strove to control the excitement and agitation under which he labored, wondering whether it would be visible to those whom he met. There was a small mirror in the cab, and suddenly he caught sight in it of a pair of steel-gray eyes with a very bright light in them which startled him, and, after a moment's hesitation, he told the cabman to put him down at the park.

The man obeyed; and Francis Ashton, pulling his hat over his eyes, walked away rapidly down one of the quieter, more deserted alleys.

It was too early in the afternoon for the park to be full, and only a few rather antiquated vehicles containing elderly ladies and their companions were crawling up and down the drives. But it was a lovely afternoon, the Serpentine gleamed through the ancient elms, children were amusing themselves upon the grass, and the flowers in the conventionally shaped beds glowed brilliantly in their rich green setting. It was a charming and pleasant picture—to which however the gentleman paid no attention, although he came so seldom to the park that it could not have lost its charm by familiarity.

As he paced up and down by the water, his hands clasped behind his back, he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, and their eager look, which had somewhat startled him, was concealed by the lowered lids.

The passers-by would have seen in him only a tall, slender man in the prime of middle life, handsome, with refined and delicate features and clear cold steel gray eyes. His face was clean-shaven, the lines about his mouth gave evidence of firmness and resolution, and he was dressed with all the care of a man of fashion.

It would have surprised Francis Ashton's nearest friends to know a tithe of the emotions which had been stirred within him by a few lines which the post had brought him that day. He himself was angry at the tidings that they had had so much power to move him. As he paced up and down in the sunshine he wondered what the effect of the tidings they contained would be upon the person to whom he would impart them by-and-by. They were not very wonderful tidings, and yet Francis Ashton felt that no other news could have had power to move him as this had done; for it had lighted in his heart a little flicker of hope which might in time grow to a veritable beacon.

How long he paced up and down there by the water he scarcely knew; but, when he emerged from his secluded pathway, he found that the park was gradually filling with the usual gay crowds who throng it in the afternoon during the season. Daintily-dressed girls, with pretty mothers and attendant cavaliers with flowers in their coats, paraded the path by the drive, looking at the carriages with their gay faces, bonnets and sunshades, and recognizing their acquaintances. The park was full; prancing horses dashed by, silver and brass harness glittered in the sunshine, pretty faces lighted up with smiles, languid beauties bowed from the depths of luxurious victorias; and Mr. Ashton, glancing at the many vehicles as he took his way through them, lest he should see among them one familiar equipage the perfect appointments of which were remarkable even where all were so hand some.

Presently he turned away, crossed the park, and left it by one of the small iron gates, which brought him out not many minutes' walk from his destination. He walked towards the house now with the step of a man who had decided upon the course he had to pursue. It was a handsome house, and its appearance indicated wealth and taste. The puffed and drawn silk blinds, with their rich embroidery and lace, were among the prettiest in all Mayfair; the balconies were full of flowers and plants. But there was nothing showy about the exterior; it had an air of subdued elegance not always associated with wealth.

Mr. Ashton's knock at the massive brass-bound hall door was answered by a servant in a quiet but handsome livery, who appeared to recognize the visitor, although he was too well trained to give any decided sign that he did so.

"Is Lady Beacham at home?" asked the lawyer, in a tone which proclaimed that he expected an affirmative answer; and, before the footman could reply, the hall porter advanced and said respectfully—

"Her ladyship is at home to you, sir."

Mr. Ashton, without showing any satisfaction at a favor which a score of "eligibles" in the great world would have deemed a significant one, followed his conductor through the hall, up a broad staircase carpeted so thickly that the footsteps passing up or down were perfectly inaudible, and was ushered by him into a sitting-room on the first floor, where the servant left him.

It was a small octagonal room, full of a soft subdued light and the fragrance of hot-house flowers. It was panelled in white enriched wood without a touch of gilding; it had one long narrow window shaded by hangings of silk, ivory-white silk and lace, caught up with yellow; it had low, luxurious chairs upholstered in white and yellow, quaint carved ivory tables, a cottage piano inlaid with rare foreign woods, and the flowers in the gilded baskets were Marechal Niel roses nestling in their rich green leaves. It was an exquisite room, fantastic perhaps, but in perfect taste, and very beautiful. Balmy as was the July day, there was a small fire of logs burning under the carved wood mantelpiece, and beside the hearth a low, luxurious chair was drawn up as if it had been lately occupied. On a small, carved ivory stand near it lay a book with a large, yellow fan upon its open leaves and a tiny, filmy lace-bordered handkerchief. Francis Ashton approached the stand and took up the little handkerchief, examined it minutely, then replaced it.

"It is quite dry," he said to himself, with a faint, scornful smile. "If she knows, her grief lies too deep for tears."

He threw himself into one of the softly-cushioned chairs. He was always pale, and in the soft subdued light of the room he looked even paler than usual.

Sitting there motionless, absorbed in thought, the lawyer entirely disregarded the beauties of the room. He paid no more attention to the rare old china and the exquisite fans which were scattered about than he did to the fresh flowers and trees and sunshine in the park. Once, as a thought struck him, he looked up from the fire and glanced towards a quaint writing table inlaid with Wedgewood plaques which stood near the windows. It bore the usual dainty litter of fancy note paper, gold pens, and antique brass candlesticks and ink-stands, and among them, so placed that the eyes of any one writing at the table would fall upon it, was a superbly chased silver frame with drawn white silk curtains partly screening the photograph beneath them. A half-scornful, half-bitter smile curled Mr. Ashton's lip as his eyes rested upon it.

"She does not know," he murmured—"she does not know!"

The dainty room was at the back of the house, and no sounds from the outer world could penetrate there. It was so still that the sound of some ashes falling upon the tiled hearth was audible to the lawyer; and almost simultaneously there was the soft rustling of silk behind him, and he sprang to his feet, starting perceptibly—a very unusual sign of agitation with Francis Ashton.

A lady stood between the lawyer and the silken *portiere* which screened the door by which she had entered. There was however not the slightest discomposure in his manner as he advanced towards her holding out his hand.

"It is good of you to receive me," he said, in his low even tones. "I knew it was not your day; but I ventured to come."

She had put her slender jewelled hand in his for a moment. Then, passing on, she sat down in the low chair by the hearth, turning her face towards him with an expression of annoyance, even contempt; and, as he met her glance, he said to himself—

"She does not know—she does not know!"

She was a tall, slender woman of eight-and-twenty or thirty years and beautiful with a rare beauty. She had golden hair drawn back from her forehead and coiled high upon her head in a graceful and picturesque fashion; she had blue eyes, proud and serene; her feature were statuesque, her coloring was perfect. For years she had been queen among the beauties of the fashionable world in which she moved; and for years to come Lady Beacham would retain her supremacy over younger and fresher belles. Her beauty was perhaps enhanced by her dress. She wore a loose white robe of soft, rich silk, which veiled but did not conceal the perfect outlines of her figure; there was a profusion of lace about her white throat and falling over her gown. She had no touch of color about her; but she looked like a brilliant and beautiful picture as she sat there in the soft, subdued light.

"You so seldom come upon my day," she said carelessly, as she leaned back upon the soft cushions of her luxurious chair, "that I would have surprised me even more to see you then than it does now—although," she added, averting her eyes from his face, "I gave orders that I was not at home."

"Your people said you were at home to me," he rejoined calmly.

There was nothing to indicate how heavily his heart was throbbing, how quickly his pulses were beating at sight of her, at the touch of her hand.

"They had no warrant for such an assertion," she returned carelessly. "But I am not sorry to see you. I am just a little dull to-day, and perhaps you will enliven me."

With a careless gesture of the hand she motioned to him to be seated. A servant brought in a dainty tea-service of Sevres china and put it upon one of the carved tables at her ladyship's elbow.

Francis Ashton sat watching her as she measured out tea from a quaint little caddy and filled the tea-pot from the old silver kettle which was singing cheerily over its lamp. She looked very lovely. The jewels glittered upon her white fingers with every movement; the diamond rings she wore hid the plain gold circlet which showed that she had been a wife and was now a widow; the faint rose-tint on her cheeks, the brilliant light of her eyes, were eloquent, in his sight, of her ignorance of what he had come to tell her.

"She does not know!" he told himself again. "How will she look when she does know?"

CHAPTER IV.

For a few moments silence reigned in the pretty room. Lady Beacham seemed absorbed in her task of making tea, her visitor was engrossed in his keen but covert scrutiny of her. It was she who at last broke the silence.

"I hope you are going to repay me for my tea by some entertaining conversation," she said, in her rather drawling voice. "You do not seem very talkative to-day."

"I walked here through the park," he replied rather irrelevantly. "It is a fine sunshiny warm day. I am surprised that you have a fire."

"Oh, I am always chilly, you know—and this English climate demands a fire at all seasons! I wonder sometimes why I ever came to London," she added, with a laugh—"or indeed to England. I think, whatever its attractions, they are more than counterbalanced by its eternal fogs!"

"And yet you spend more than half your time in England," he said slowly, as he rose to take the cup of tea she offered him.

"I am a creature of habit," she answered, shrugging her shoulders. "We all are, even you, or you would not spend all your life in that dreary old office."

"I find my pleasure there now," he rejoined quietly; "and my work is not uninteresting, I assure you."

"Oh, no—perhaps not! I dare say it has its charms," she allowed, in her languid manner. "The park was crowded, I suppose?"

"I suppose so—yes, I think it was," he answered absently, staring into the fire.

"You suppose—you think!" she said, turning her eyes upon him with a languid inquiring smile in their depths. "You seem in a strangely absent mood for so astute a lawyer!"

He raised his eyes from the fire and looked straight into her face.

"Perhaps I am," he returned quietly. "I had some news by this afternoon's mail which surprised me."

"Indeed!" she said, without betraying any interest in the remark. "I did not think you were easily surprised."

"Nor am I," he answered with a smile.

"Then this news is of importance!"

"Oh, scarcely at all—only to those immediately concerned! I will acquaint you with it presently."

She went on sipping her tea without any appearance of curiosity or interest. Mr. Ashton put down his cup, and, leaving his chair, stood with his elbow upon the mantelshelf and looked down upon her for a moment in silence.

"I hear from my mother that you are going out very little this season," he said presently.

"I never go out much," she replied carelessly. "There is no reason why I should undergo the treadmill of London society."

"None," he agreed, promptly. "But last year you were seen at most of the great functions, were you not?"

"Last year I was younger and more foolish than I am now," she said, serenely; "and it was about my first real reason since my widowhood. I have enjoyed it more than I have done this season"—with a faint sigh.

"How was that?"

"Oh, people were nicer! Every one is in society now; it is a regular *olla podrida* of all sorts and conditions of men and women," she answered petulantly.

"A year cannot surely have made such a great difference in society!" he demurred, with a laugh. "The difference must be in yourself, Laura."

"Perhaps; satiety, you know, always destroys one's pleasure. Lady Marian is well, I hope."

"I believe so. I have not seen her for some days. She has been staying at Brancepeth."

"At Brancepeth! Where is that? Do I know it? The name sounds rather familiar."

"Brancepeth is a place in Berkshire which Mr. Cameron has lately bought," he answered quietly. "It belonged to Lord Oidcastle—perhaps you know it?"

"I think I do. I fancy I stayed there before my marriage," she replied. "It is a fine old Elizabethan house, in a beautiful park, is it not?"

"I do not know—I have not seen it yet; but my mother says it is a fine place. It adjoins Eyncourt."

"I remember it then," said Lady Beacham calmly, putting aside her cup and taking the yellow fan from the table at her side. "I have met Sir Humphrey Geraint more than once."

"Of late years?" he asked, quietly.

"No—before and immediately after my marriage. You have forgotten, I think, that most of my married life was spent abroad."

"I have forgotten nothing—nor am I likely to forget anything connected with you," he replied, resuming his usual impassive manner. "But it is nearly ten years since you returned to the world after your period of mourning; and during that time I think Sir Humphrey's daughter has made her debut."

"I think she came out a year or two since," she replied indifferently.

"You have met her?"

"I have met her; but she has not been in town this season."

"She has probably been otherwise occupied," he said, smiling.

"Oh, I believe she is a strong minded person, with very decided notions of duty to tenantry and that kind of thing!" Lady Beacham returned languidly. "She is above the frivolity of a London season altogether."

"Is she pretty?"

"I hardly remember; but I fancy she is. You seem much interested in her?"—glancing up at him as he stood looking down at her.

"I am—a little," he said, drawing from the mantelpiece and resuming his chair opposite to her. "The news I spoke of a few minutes since concerns her," he added, taking a letter case from his pocket and selecting a letter from its contents.

Lady Beacham glanced at him with a swift look of curiosity. Until this moment she had not felt the slightest interest in his conversation; but now a sudden strange foreboding came over her such as she had never felt in all her brilliant sunny existence.

"You remember my cousin Hugh Cameron, who you met?" Mr. Ashton asked, quietly down the letter-case and looking across at the beautiful woman opposite to him.

Lady Beacham bent her eyes upon her fan, and she now held it between her face and the fire, so that her quivering lips were hidden from her interlocutor.

"Yes," she said calmly and steadily; "I remember him quite well."

"And yet he has scarcely been seen anywhere this season, has he?" the lawyer asked, his eyes meeting hers.

Whatever the emotion was which had made her lips quiver, it had been conquered now. She put the fan upon her lap, and met his glance with a proud serene air.

"Has he not? I really cannot remember whether I have met him or not. Pray, what is the news?" asked she, with a slight smile.

"Shall I give you some more tea?"

She had told a falsehood and he knew it. Looking at her, he felt that her powers of self-command were at least equal to his own.

"Thank you, no," he answered calmly; "I have already transgressed against my rule, as I never take afternoon tea. It is a form of dissipation which usually offers me no temptation." After a pause, he went on, "I imagined you and Cameron had been very good friends; but, as I am mistaken, I can only apologize for assuming you had honored him with your regard." He had been holding the letter which he had selected from those in his case; but, as he ceased to speak, he refolded it, and, stretching out his hand, took the case from the table where he had laid it. "In the circumstances this will not interest you," he said quietly, although, looking at her, he saw that the filmy laces about her throat and bosom were stirred by her quickened breathing.

For a moment she resisted her desire to question him; but it was too strong for her. She took up her fan again, holding it between her face and the fire, and he saw that her hands were not quite steady.

"Anything is interesting when one is bored," she said pettishly. "I told you that you had to enliven me."

"But I do not think that this will enliven you," he remarked, leaning resting upon her face with an inscrutable expression—"indeed, as you are not much interested in either of them, you can have no feeling in the matter, to the fact that my cousin Hugh Cameron is engaged to that high-minded young lady, Miss Geraint."

A few moments of almost painful silence followed the words. Lady Beacham sat perfectly motionless, still holding the great fan before her; but all the color had died out of her face. A passionate feeling of mingled triumph and compassion sprang up in the heart of the man who watched her from the other side of the hearth.

"My mother writes that the engagement gives the utmost satisfaction to all concerned," he went on, after a pause. "Would it interest you to read her letter?"

He rose and stepped towards her, holding out the letter, which he had taken once more from the case. She put down her fan and, without a word, held out her hand for it. She was not looking at him; her face was turned towards the fire; but the pallor did not escape him, and, eyes, nor did he fail to notice the icy coldness of her fingers when, as he handed her the letter, his own touched hers.

"You are chilly indeed!" he said, smiling. "Are you quite well to-day? Your hand is as cold as ice!"

She took the letter from him with a slight inclination of the head; but she made no answer to his remark. He went back to his chair, still watching her closely but covertly. The afternoon was giving place to evening now; but the fire was blazing up cheerily, and its light sufficed to show him how pale was her exquisite face, how strangely still and motionless her graceful figure; she might have been a marble statue as she sat there, save for the rising and falling of the laces at her throat.

On one side of the hearth sat the man, calm, composed, watchful; on the other the woman fought desperately against the faintness which was creeping over her, although she looked languid and composed, as if the blow he had dealt her had missed its mark.

He knew, however, that she was suffering, and she felt that he knew it, and that no composure, however well assumed, would deceive him; and to a proud woman such as she was the thought was misery. Her eyes had not met his since he had spoken the words which had seemed to turn her blood into ice; but it appeared to her that she could see the mocking triumph in his eyes, the smile upon his lips; while he, much as he had suffered at her hands, loved her too well not to feel some faint pity for this beautiful, brilliant woman whose life had been one series of triumphs until now, for in his heart he knew that she had received a crushing and terrible blow.

She held the letter before her with a perfectly steady hand; but she could not read it—the words had grown dark before her eyes. A few minutes before she had been full of life and the vigor of perfect health; now a faintness as of death had seized her, benumbing her every faculty save that of suffering.

After a few minutes Francis Ashton broke the silence.

"I surprised me, I must confess," he said lightly; "but it is doubtless a very good arrangement. I must say that I prefer thought Cameron was a marrying man; but I suppose he has never been seriously smitten before. You see my mother says he is over head and ears in love, and I am sure my aunt must be charmed that the wish of her heart is to be granted, and that Hugh is going to give her a daughter at last, and they—"

He paused abruptly, half rising from his chair, as Lady Beacham swayed slightly, and the letter fell from her fingers as her hand dropped heavily upon the chair. Then the hand she groped feebly and blindly among the costly ornaments and knick-knacks on the table near her.

"I am afraid you are ill!" he said, going hastily to her side as she made one last unsuccessful effort to conquer her weakness.

She turned her face upon him with a look of anguish, defiance, and reproach.

"It is nothing," she murmured. "I am a little faint—that is all."

Her head sank slowly but heavily back upon her cushions, her eyelids drooped; but she had not lost consciousness, for her hand still moved restlessly among the trifles on the table, while she murmured again—

"A little faint—that is all. It is so warm! Don't ring—open the window!"

The words died away as he hastened to obey her; and she moved her head upon the cushions so that her face was turned towards the window and away from him.

He found and put into her unsteady hand the smelling-salts she had vainly sought, and then waited until she should have recovered sufficiently to hear what he had come to say to her.

Calm as he seemed, a jealous fury was burning in his breast, like the smouldering fire of a volcano. Since his boyhood he had loved her with a passionate love which was all the stronger for being repressed; and it was bitter as death itself to him to see her swoon at the announcement of his cousin's engagement. If some one had told her of his—Francis Ashton's—death, he could not have affected her, he thought bitterly. And yet the more passionately she loved Hugh Cameron, the easier it would be to mould her to do his will, and it gave him one last desperate chance of winning her himself. She was proud and passionate; a word spoken in anger would be an effort to the loss of the man she loved; and, if the effort recoiled upon herself in failure, might it not be that in despair she would turn to the love which had been hers so long?

He had no settled plan in his mind when he sought her that afternoon; but now thought after thought crowded upon him. He loved her so madly that there was no treachery too base for him to stoop to if its reward were a smile from her. If he broke off his cousin's engagement, she would at least believe in his wish to serve her; although in his heart he knew that, if by uttering one word he could have given her Hugh's heart and love, he would have died rather than utter that word. He had suffered unutterable agony when she became the wife of a man she did not love; and this marriage would be as nothing to what he would suffer were she to become the wife of a man whom she did love; and yet—

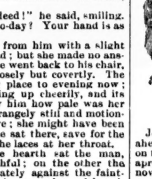
Looking at her as she sat there, white as her gown, he almost hated her for the love she had betrayed, while his passion for her became intensified. For he had loved her hopelessly for years and he had never seen her faint before; and now, at the mere thought of Hugh Cameron's love being given to another woman, she drooped like a flower broken at the stem.

He hated her even while he loved her; he hated Hugh Cameron for the love he had won; and which he himself coveted; and, with a storm of jealous rage and fury at his heart, he sat there still and watchful, listening to the tempter who spoke to her words of power the one base action which would annul for ever his claim to be called an honorable man.

The room was still with the unhealthy oppressive silence; the yellow roses in the gilded baskets loaded the air with fragrance; and in the silence the woman struggled against the suffering which had crushed her, and the man was tempted, and before his temptation fell.

(To be Continued.)

A Martyr to Modesty.



Jones (who is near sighted)—Ahem! Ahahey, there! If you are going to stand all day on that bank, I wish you would throw me an apron or something. I've waited two hours now.—*Time.*

A Matter of Abbreviation.

Quoth a sad young physician named Proctor,
As he sealed to his grocer a letter;
"It sometimes occurs I'm his Dr.
But oftener still I'm his Dr."

British Pluck.

"England expects every man to do his duty," exclaimed the heroic Nelson at Trafalgar; and that the spirit of these words springs eternal in the human breast we have constantly recurring proofs. A boy who was holding the bridle of a doctor's horse the other day excited considerable attention by a series of most extraordinary bodily contortions, until at last one kindly-hearted lady approached and compassionately asked him what the trouble was.

"Oh, ma'am," he said, "I've got the awfullest pain in my stomach you ever see, but I'm going to hold on to this horse if it kills me."

Feeding in Paris.

Three establishments of the "Societe des Grands Restaurants" on the Boulevard Eau, Frontin, and the Capucines, realized a sum total of 11,841 francs on the 13th, 14th, and 15th July, 1888. This year the receipts on the same three days amounted to 21,742 francs 10 cents. The Restaurants Brebant (Boulevard Poissonniere and the Eiffel Tower) and the Meridien—all belonging to the above-named society—took, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th July of the present year, 20,356 francs. Total receipts for three days in the six establishments; 42,098 francs.—*Le Figaro.*

Caught His Drift.

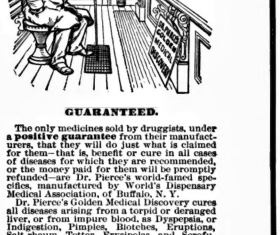
Judge (to prisoner upon whom he is about to pass sentence—Do you ever think of your mother, sir?

Prisoner (much affected)—Ye's, your honor, but she's dead.

Judge (sympathetically—I did not intend to hurt your feelings. Have you any relatives?

Prisoner (brightening)—Don't mention it, your honor. I hope you will pardon me.

Judge (catching his drift)—Don't mention it.



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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXIV.

By great good fortune Mary Hale had been able to keep the newspapers containing the news of Tom Darley's escape from Kathleen's eyes. A very bad sick-headache having prostrated her entirely for the whole week after her arrival in Claymore Gardens, she was of course incapacitated from any kind of reading, and, as a matter of fact, lay silently suffering in her darkened room, and never remembered there was such a thing as a newspaper in the world. Mary persuaded her to keep to her room for the greater part of the following day; and by that time the danger of her discovering what had happened was at an end.

Meanwhile the felon had truly escaped, and was heard of no more. The days went by, the country had been scoured in vain, and the rewards offered had produced no result. What had become of him, where he had disappeared, and how he had effected so complete and clever an escape remained an inscrutable mystery. He seemed to have vanished into thin air, and trace of him or clue to his whereabouts could be found. He was generally believed to have made his way abroad, the newspapers got tired of talking about him, and the world forgot his existence.

Two or three days went by uneventfully in the little household in Claymore Gardens. Kathleen thoroughly liked her companion, and began to take a quiet pleasure in the peace of her new life; the color stole back to her pale cheeks and the light into her heavy eyes. Mary was glad to perceive that she talked seldomer about the tragical events of the past, and seemed less morbidly and unnaturally oppressed with the responsibility which she had tormented her conscience into believing she had incurred. She did not allude often either to that petition to the Home Secretary which had been so absorbingly on her mind upon her first arrival. Altogether relieved from the daily terrors which had haunted her for so many months past, and from the ceaseless persecutions of the two unfriendly women with whom she had been condemned to live, the poor child began to recover her health and spirits and to take a natural and simple pleasure in the little daily events of their quiet life.

The two ladies led a most tranquil life together, and their excitements and amusements were of a very trivial nature. They bought flowers and pictures to beautify their rooms. Eastern embroideries and high-art curtains, which they draped and hung in every conceivable corner, and little knick-knacks in silver and china to strew upon the tables. Then they set up a large cage for small birds in the dining-room bay-window; and, having furthermore, purchased a dog, a cat, and a gray parrot, they discovered that they had plenty of daily occupation in tending and playing with these different pets. They became quite girlishly happy together; and Mary secretly rejoiced to see how enormously Kathleen gained day by day in health and spirits. In little more than a week they had settled down together so harmoniously and happily that it seemed as if they had been living together for years.

One day, however, all this was swept away, and in one moment all the brightness and peace of Kathleen Elwyn's new life was overcast and shattered, and she was plunged once more into all the horrors of anxiety and terror.

Mary Hale had been out all day. She had gone to pay a duty visit to an old lady, an aunt of her father's, who lived at Sydenham. She went to spend the day with her, starting immediately after breakfast, and promising to be back by dinner. Afterwards she felt that she would have given anything on earth if the fatal notion of going to do her duty by this old lady had never entered her head.

She left Kathleen quite happy and full of business. She was engaged in painting a deal stand for the parrot's cage with Aspinall's paint, work which it was impossible to leave half completed. She worked at it till luncheon time, and then, having succeeded in smearing her hands and dress all over with scarlet paint, she proceeded to cleanse the former and change the latter, and conceived that she had made enough mess for one day.

She had meant to go out after luncheon, but went back to her painting instead, and became so engrossed in it that it had become quite dark and foggy before the clamoring of her little Yorkshire terrier to be taken for a run reminded her that the daylight was already nearly over. But for the little dog she would probably not have gone out at all, for the day was cold and cheerless and most untempting; but fate, through the agency of Nip, willed otherwise, and she put on her walking-things and went out.

It was really getting quite dark when, after a brisk walk, she turned to go home, and a choking yellow fog of the nature aptly described as "pea soup" began to wrap everything in a thick and unsavory mantle. Kathleen, who had taken her dog into the Kensington Gardens, began to walk very quickly; the fog got down her throat and made her eyes smart. Just as she was neating the gate leading into the Knightsbridge Road, she perceived that she was closely followed by a very ragged looking man, and her heart was touched by the terrible racking cough which seemed to tear him to pieces.

It was not in Kathleen Elwyn's gentle and womanly nature to listen unmoved to such heart rending evidence of suffering. The man made no attempt to beg; he only walked behind her, and coughed and coughed as though his very life was being torn out of him by violent paroxysms that shook his whole frame from head to foot. She turned round suddenly and faced him.

"You have a terrible cough, my poor man, and you ought not to be out in such weather. Can I do anything to help you?"—and instinctively she drew her purse out of her pocket.

The man stood staring at her. He wore a soft felt wideawake, very battered and dirty, pulled low over eyes that seemed, so far as she could see in the dim light, to be haggard and hungry looking, and a stubby black beard, covering nearly all the lower part of his face, gave him a strange and wild appearance. For a few minutes he seemed unable to speak; but she noticed that he started violently when she came close to him, and that he trembled from head to foot. Kathleen drew a sovereign out of her purse.

"Will you go and get yourself some medicine for your cough with this, and then take my advice and go home?"

"I have no home!" he said, in a low hollow voice; and he did not put out his hand to take the sovereign.

"No home!" she repeated. "What are you going to do then? You cannot be out all night with such a cough! Where are you going to sleep?"

"In the street perhaps—or, better still, in the river!"

"Oh, but this is terrible!" cried Kathleen, much distressed. "You must not speak like that—you must let me help you! Will you not go and get yourself a lodging if I give you money!—or there are houses of nightly refuge."

"Oh, no, no—I cannot go to any of those places!"—and then suddenly he fell upon his knees on the path beside her and caught hold of her dress with his thin bony hands.

Kathleen uttered a stifled cry. She was really frightened by this extraordinary conduct, and endeavored to disengage her skirts from his clinging hands. For one wild moment she looked round for help; but there was not a living soul within sight—only the thick impenetrable wall of fog which was fast closing in on every side of her. And then the wretched man, who was now coughing so violently as to be incapable of speech, managed to find at last the faint echo of a hollow voice, and, to her amazement, the broken accents murmured her own name.

"Kath-leen—Kath-leen—have mer-cy!"

Then she knew him. It was Tom Darley.

"Tom, Tom," she cried, in a terrified whisper, "is it really you? Great heavens, how do you come here? Have you got out of prison?"

"Did you not hear I had escaped? I lay for two days in a ditch under a heap of rotting leaves; I heard them hunting the country all round me. I had nothing to eat but some berries; I was wet to the skin. Then at last they got tired of looking for me. I got away, and I took the clothes from a scarecrow put up to frighten the rooks in a field, and I buried my prison things deep in the earth; and ever since I've tramped all night and lain close in ditches and woods all day, and I've begged for a crust of bread here and there. And then by good luck I picked up a purse with a few shillings in it; and so I got a waggoner to give me a lift one day, and I got a loaf of bread in a village. But I never dared stop at night or rest lest the police should catch me up. Don't you give me up to them, Kathleen! I'm a dying man—I've got my death-chill from lying out in the wet, and the pain through my chest is just awful! He good to me, Kathie, for the sake of old days—hide me somewhere where I can die in peace—don't let them take me back to prison! I'm dying, I tell you—dying—dying!" and a fresh paroxysm of coughing convulsed the poor wretch. "I'm dying, Kathie!" he moaned again. "I killed your fine lover because of you; but now I shall never get you, and I am punished enough. Have pity on me—have pity!"

Kathleen was very pale, and there was an awful sense of horror upon her at the dreadful position in which she found herself; but nevertheless a divine compassion filled her heart towards this poor lost creature who crouched at her feet in his agony, and whose only prayer was that she would help him to die in peace.

With all her slender strength she took hold of his arms and helped him to rise to his feet, and made him lean upon her as she led him away. Not for one moment did she hesitate as to what she should do, or shrink from the horrible spectacle of this degraded and sin-stained creature whom it seemed to her that Providence had led thus purposely to her in order that she might befriend him.

"You will not give me up to justice, Kathie," he asked her anxiously, as she supported him towards the gate of the Gardens—"to a shameful and horrible death!"

"My poor Tom, Heaven has stricken you enough for your sin!" she answered softly. "Man shall let you alone now. I am going to take you to my home. Can you walk? I think it will be hardly safe to take a cab."

And so, with his arm under hers, slowly and painfully they walked to Claymore Gardens together. Kathleen never spoke a word to him; she was maturing her plans and arranging what she would do. Poor Tom coughed frightfully at intervals, and she was frequently obliged to stand still for whole minutes at a time whilst the fits lasted. At length they reached her own door. She opened it with her latch key, making as little noise as she possibly could, although her heart was beating loudly and she trembled from head to foot with nervousness.

But luckily it was the servants' tea-hour, and they were all downstairs in the basement; she could hear their voices laughing and talking together below. By great good fortune, too, Tom was for the moment free from an attack of coughing, so, motioning to him to step softly, Kathleen led the way upstairs. She took him into the small, spare room on the upper floor which had never yet been occupied, and telling him to wait there till her return, she locked the door upon him and took away the key in her pocket.

Nearly two hours later Mary Hale, having been much delayed on her return journey from Sydenham by the fog, arrived at Claymore Gardens. Kathleen met her in the small hall, and, at the very glimpse of her pale scared face, Mary could see that something very serious was amiss with her. Kathleen beckoned to her to come into the dining-room, and then carefully closed the door.

"Something is the matter!" cried Miss Hale. "You are as white as a sheet and look frightened out of your wits! What has happened, Kathleen?"

"Mary, do you remember the night we arrived here—how I asked you to make a promise—a promise to help me to save that unfortunate man who murdered my poor cousin, and whose fate has been for years strangely bound up with mine?"

"I remember it perfectly, Kathleen. And now I suppose you have found out what I have hitherto managed to conceal from you—that the wretched man has escaped from Clorchester Jail!"

"You knew it then," cried Kathleen reproachfully—"you knew it, and did not tell me! Oh, Mary!"

"Dearest Kathleen, I thought it would pain you needlessly and upset you to no purpose. Forgive me if I act unwisely! I did not see what good could be gained by telling you. I thought you would hear it after a time from Sir Adrian Deverell—I felt certain he would tell you. Has he been here?"

"Yes, I have seen Sir Adrian."

"Then who has told you?"

"No one."

A dreadful suspicion came into Mary's mind—Kathleen must have met the escaped murderer! Her eyes must have revealed her thought, for Kathleen answered her look.

"Yes; you have guessed it, Mary. I have found poor Tom."

"Good heavens, Kathleen! Where did you meet him? What happened? Where is he now?"

"He is here," Kathleen answered gently, with a sad little smile.

"Here—in this house? You have brought him here? Oh, but this is horrible!"

"My dear Mary, be calm and listen to me! I assure you—"

"I cannot listen to you!" cried Mary, with vehemence. "Nothing can explain away the fact that the man is the felon Darley! Oh, Kathleen! Kathleen! I felt certain he would be found in bed in the spare room. Mary, he is very ill!"

"He cannot remain here! He must not stay under your roof to make you a public scandal! Dearest Kathleen, you must have been out of your senses to do such a thing! I entreat you to think for yourself! As it is, what can the servants think?"

"The servants know nothing. I brought him into the house myself; no one saw us come in. I got him safely upstairs. Mary, he has been so slight to the fire myself; and by this time he has gone to bed. Mary, don't look so scared and frightened! The poor wretch is ill, I tell you; I am certain he cannot live two days. He has inflammation of the lungs; I know enough about illness to see that."

"But, Kathleen, reflect—consider the awful responsibility we shall be incurring!" urged Mary distractedly. "How are you to conceal his presence in your premises—and how hide his identity when they have discovered him? And then what are we to do about a doctor, and who is to nurse him?"

"I have thought of it all, Mary. Now that he is in the house, he is safe, because the maids need never go into his room. They are young and inexperienced, and it will be quite natural that we should exclude them from a sick bed, side. Presently you and I are going up-stairs, and I shall ring the bell and tell them that your cousin—Mr. Jones—who brought you home just now was taken very ill in the cab and that we have had to put him to bed."

"My cousin! Oh!"

"Dearest Mary, you must agree! Did you not promise me?"

"Yes, yes, Kathleen—I did promise certainly, and I will keep my promise. But you rather take one's breath away. Besides, you have not answered all my questions What about a doctor?"

"Mr. Jones is peculiar, and will not see doctors. When he is actually dying, we will call one in, so that there may be no trouble afterwards; it will then be too late to move him. All we can do for him now is to give him nourishment and soothe his last hours. You and I are going to nurse him."

"But suppose he should get better?"

Kathleen shook her head.

"He will not get better: there is death in his face. If such a miracle as his recovery does take place, we must help him to escape abroad. I have thought of that too, and I think it could be done. Mary, if you only knew what this is to me! It seems a sort of reparation for all my sins and mistakes—a means put by Heaven into my hands to expiate my faults by extending mercy and pardon to this man who in his sinful ignorance, has blackened and threatened my life ever since I left the old Dobsons' house, and who has stooped his hands in crime by my blunder and for my sake."

Mary Hale was too thoroughly practical a woman to agree entirely with Kathleen's ideas; but she could not help being touched by the tender heart and forgiving charity which could account it a privilege to nurse and tend so vile an enemy, and she could but admire the woman who, instead of recolling with loathing and horror from the criminal, was ready to own to herself that it was her duty to do what she could to save him from his doom.

"God is the Judge," said the girl solemnly, her dark eyes fixed seriously upon her friend. "Why should we seek to question His decrees? I have prayed that I might save his life; and God has sent poor Tom here to die in my house as an answer to my prayer. I shall not shrink from the duty He has given me to do." She held out her hand to Mary and led her upstairs.

Not much hope or fear of recovery! Mary saw at a glance, as, half shudderingly, her eyes fell upon the rough haggard face lying with closed eyes and stringent breath upon the white pillows, that Tom Darley's doom was indeed sealed, and that the term of his life might be measured by hours rather than by days.

Silently and without any further words the two girls took up the work that lay ready there. The little blameless lie concerning "Mr. Jones" was told to the servants, who apparently believed it, although the lady's-maid did exclaim—

"Law, ma'am, however did you get the poor gentleman upstairs so quiet? You should have rung for me to come and help you."

Beef tea and chicken broth, turtle soup and champagne, were speedily procured and carried to the door of the sick room where Kathleen presided, but Mary waited upon her and carried out her most minute directions; but, in spite of warmth and nourishment and stimulating, poor Tom grew hourly weaker and weaker, and it soon became evident to the two watchers that the end could not be very far off.

Kathleen would not allow any other than the next weary day they sat in turns by his bedside and did all they could for him, and at length even Mary became tender-hearted towards the dying wretch who lay panting and suffering, and was inclined to forgiveness rather than to condemnation.

"If we were hospital nurses or sisters of charity," she said once, in a whisper to Kathleen, "should we nurse him any the less tenderly because he was a criminal?" And Kathleen shook her with a glance and a pressure of the hand.

At length the time came when, as Kathleen had foreseen, poor Tom was beyond the reach of law and of justice, and beyond the knowledge also of all terror and apprehension. He became utterly unconscious. Man might do his worst now; the impenetrable veil had fallen for ever upon his mind, and he would die in peace.

"Now we must send for a doctor," said Kathleen decidedly. "It is necessary, to avoid future inquiries and suspicions, that we should do so—and nobody can give him up to justice now."

The doctor—an unknown young practitioner living in the next street—was summoned.

"Kathleen," said Mary suddenly to her, "there is somebody else who should be sent for without a moment's delay—and that is Sir Adrian Deverell. He is a friend of yours; he promised to help you with your petition. It is not right that he should remain in ignorance of what has happened. You must tell him the truth."

The girl was standing on the landing outside the sick-room door when that idea crossed upon the little brain could for the dying man. The color rose slowly in Kathleen's face. She had never told Mary of her love.

"I—I do not think I can send for Sir Adrian, Mary," she began hesitatingly.

At that moment the maid came up the stairs.

"Sir Adrian Deverell is in the drawing-room, ma'am; he wishes to speak to you very particularly."

And, as Kathleen passed quickly down the stairs, the doctor came softly out of the bedroom and said to Mary Hale—

"The poor fellow is dead!"

(To be Continued.)

Unrivalled.

The circus tent was crowded with the ancient town's elite, And music floated through the air in measures softly sweet; The odor of the festive peanut lovely fragrance made, While mingling with the shining glass of lemonade.

The cavalcade had shown their spangles in the giddy ring, And now the gay and padded steed upon the sight they bring. The music plunges once again, so, likewise, does the horse, And whirls Mam'selle Farini round the dizzy, dazzling course.

The act is almost ended, and the lady stops for breath, But great loud applause, and the tent is still as death! The clown begins to speak, and wags his head in manner droll; But soon the laughter grows beyond that clown's control!

The trombone in the orch stra has tumbled into fits, The balance of the band appear to've lost full half their wits; The ringmaster has dropped his whip; the lady trembles there; The people stand upon their seats in startling, dumb despair!

But still the clown continued to relate his weed'rous gag; He would not stop, he couldn't stop, he was a fearful wag! But what was it that held all there, spellbound, the while he spoke? That wicked clown was too much the same that night a brand new joke!

—MOSHER H. ROSENFELD in *New York Clipper.*

Grub Street.

"Grub street, originally the name of a street near Moorfields, in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub street." Such is the definition given by Dr. Johnson of a street famous in literary history. The street lies between Fore street and Cuiswell street, and is now called Milton street, in honor of the poet, who had, however, no connection or association with the original Grub street or its literature. Its old houses have entirely disappeared.

Many good men found refuge in Grub street. Daniel Defoe wrote several of his publications in this much-abused street. Johnson probably lived in it himself for a time. So did Savage, Otway, Boyse, and a score of minor poets. Boyse wore a blanket because he had no breeches; and was found famished to death, with a pen in his hand.

The phrase was applied, not only to the residents in Grub street, but to all Bohemian writers. Goldsmith, as Macaulay has pointed out, had nobody but himself to blame for his poverty and distress. "His average income during the last seven years of his life certainly exceeded £400 a year; and £400 a year ranked among the incomes of that day at least as high as £800 would rank at present. But Goldsmith spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to beauties." One day he was found in a genial, jeunesse dorée frolidsome; the next day he was entertaining Johnson and Reynolds at dinner, dressed in a new suit, "lined with silk and furnished with gold buttons."

William Godwin, again, was another unfortunate writer. When he began authorship in 1784 he said that for the most part he did not eat his dinner without previously carrying his watch or his books to the pawnbroker to enable him to buy food. The fault of all these men was that they had no money power. Money they found hard to get, but harder to hold. When they had it they flung it from them as if it were poison.

Mr. Justice Talfourd, who befriended many Grub street authors, was fond of relating the following illustration of the imprudence of a man of genius who had largely contributed to the intellectual enjoyments of the community.

This gentleman had invited a large party to dinner, and mentioned wanting to the festivity, when it was observed that, although wine was served in profusion, there were no two bottles of the same kind. The mystery was explained without hesitation or compunction by the Amphitryon:

"I have no credit with my wine merchant, and I was sadly puzzled how to manage for you, when a fellow knocked at the door with specimens of Italian wines, or what he called wines; so I told him to leave a bottle of each on trial, and call again to-morrow. This announcement was far from reassuring, and as some of the company complained of incipient pains in the stomach, he was requested to send for some brandy by way of antidote.

"With all my heart," was the reply, "but you must first club your sixpence apiece"; and the sixpences being clubbed accordingly, the threatened sickness was averted, and the half empty bottles of wine were put aside to be returned.

Stories of this kind without number might be quoted of the Grub street people, and why go to the past for illustrations of literary impecuniosity? Writers in the contemporary press and elsewhere are fond of telling us that the miseries and sufferings of Grub street have disappeared before a more liberal public spirit.

Have they! Try," remarks Mr. Henry Curwen, "try for four or five years only to make an independent and self supporting livelihood as a writer of books, and if you do not drift for a while into a very actual Grub street yourself, you are pretty sure to know a dozen men to whom, to put it crudely, dinner and lodging are as uncertain day by day now as to any Goldsmith or Savage knew of. It is difficult to imagine a crueller career than this for those who live by it; difficult to invent a fiction fuller of pathos and bitterness for those who merely read of it as a story."

Music's Charms Exhausted.

She (after two hours at piano)—Mr. Be Bluut, would you like Only a Dream?

De Blunt—Well, yes, if it wouldn't disturb you.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column,' SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

JUDY.—The hair is pretty—sandy brown. You are bright, fun loving, sensitive, orderly in your habits and in tined to make many friends.

JESSAMINE.—Personal magnetism is that peculiar force in humanity which attracts people to may be good, it may be evil. 1. All do not possess it. 2. A regard for order, a strong will, prudence and cheerfulness. 3. It is often done; and true magnetism should not consider it an obstacle.

SIR, Toronto.—Auburn hair. He should be brown haired, dark eyed. 2 You lack perseverance to accomplish your empty bubbles. Cultivate it. 3. Indecisive, a genial companion, sunny-tempered and ambitious.

CAROLINE, Morrisburg.—Your writing indicates an enterprising nature. You are undoubtedly ambitious, warm-hearted, a little careless, unselfish and sociable. Almost any business.

FINO, Coboung.—1. Black. 2. You are inclined to be impatient, are industrious, sensitive, and lack perseverance to make the best of your life. Cultivate it.

PERLLE, Coboung.—The hair is black. You have artistic taste, are genial, persevering, self-reliant and unselfish.

HELEN S, Toronto.—The hair is real golden—as rare as it is beautiful. Your writing indicates determination, the ability to understand quickly, a fair share of self-esteem, and a thoroughly self reliant character.

VERA, Toronto.—Wash with castile soap and water, and apply a borax solution. Brush them carefully, and never in drying rub the wrong way.

VERA C.—Your hair is dark golden, indicates a matter-of-fact nature, ability to carry out plans in face of much opposition.

ERNESTINE.—Color of hair, dark brown You have a sensitive nature, are warm-hearted, and disposed to shirk difficulties.

HELEN, Mount Forest.—Color of hair, reddish brown. In disposition you are retiring, disposed to act impulsively, but ready to acknowledge wrong-doing. You are, moreover, determined, but unselfish. Nothing will permanently remove freckles.

BERTI, Mount Forest.—Your hair is black. You are self-willed and self-reliant, yet affectionate; a little careless, considerably passionate and impulsive. Your writing is very good, but a little more freedom of the hand would improve it.

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Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. ** I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the healthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine. **A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Cured me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Eli Dodd, Xenia, Ill.

I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty, which reduced me so rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor. —E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.

I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family, with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the house: It is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thrueggen, Perth Amboy, N. J.

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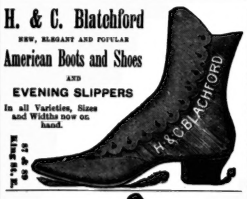

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THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

gloves met the flowing lace at the elbow. The uniforms of the military gentlemen present added animation to the brilliant scene.

•

Mr. A. W. Stewart, formerly of the Ontario Bank and now with the City National Bank, Dallas, Texas, is spending his holidays in town at his sister's, Mrs. Conolly of Henry street.

•

Mr. and Miss Greet of Gerrard street are spending the summer in Vancouver, B. C.

•

Mrs. Saunders of Guelph is staying with Mrs. Shanly of Wilcox street.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Score have just returned after spending two weeks at Penetanguishene.

•

Mr. Harry Jarvis left town on Wednesday last *en route* for London, England, where he intends studying for a year under the renowned Randegger. All who have heard Mr. Jarvis' fine tenor voice predict for him a brilliant future.

•

Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, who has been studying architecture in the principal cities across the border for the past eight years, has returned from New York, and decided to take up his abode in his native city.

•

Mrs. Waggoe and family returned from a Georgian Bay on Tuesday evening, where they have been rusticating nearly all summer.

•

The cards have been issued for Miss May Jones' wedding, which takes place September 17. Large crowds may be expected at St. George's Church.

•

Miss Mabel Howard was in town Wednesday, just for the day, looking very much improved.

•

Mrs. Tom Wood and family of Bloor street returned home from Niagara on Monday.

•

Dr. W. G. King Dodds, who is practising in Cincinnati, was in town for the past few weeks visiting his parents. He returned last Monday.

•

Mrs. Conolly, Mrs J. Beatty, Miss Lucy McNabb and Mr. Albert Stewart went to Buffalo on Monday for a few days, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allan McNabb.

•

Mrs. A. Willis has returned home from Manitoba Mich., where she has been for the past month visiting her daughter the wife of the Rev. H. E Spearville.

•

Sir Edwin Arnold, the famous English poet and journalist, was the guest of Prof. Goldwin Smith at the Grange this week. Sir Edwin is on his way to Japan and India, but will see some of the American cities before he leaves this continent.

•

Wednesday was a famous day in Port Hope, when the statue of the late Col. Williams was unveiled by Sir John A. Macdonald. Speeches were delivered by Sir John and Sir Adolphe Caron, and the ceremony was witnessed by thousands. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy was congratulated on the success of his work.

•

Mr. C. S. Botsford of St. George street has returned from England and the continent. Also Mrs. Botsford and sons from Saratoga and Skaneateles, New York.

•

On Tuesday evening Mr. Jeffers, choir-master of the Bloor Street Methodist Church, was the recipient of a wedding gift from his choir in the shape of a beautifully illuminated address. It was executed by the facile pencil of Mr. Sam Jones, secretary of the Art Students' League, and was a work of art, besides being entirely unconventional.

•

Mr. F. Teviotdale has returned from Bracebridge, where he has been rusticating for the past two months.

•

It is currently reported that one of our prominent barristers, having fallen a victim to the shafts of Cupid, is about to lead to the altar a lady from the Sunny South, who with a number of friends has been spending a portion of the summer on our northern lakes. The azure of our cool skies with the glorious depth of color reflected from our broad waters or from the eyes of the swain have proved such an attraction that it is understood by the initiated that the fair lady has, not needing a good deal of persuasion, consented to make her home in Toronto, where by her winning graces and many accomplishments she has already established herself in the hearts of a large circle of friends. Toronto society will, no doubt, be on the *qui vive* in anticipation of the auspicious event.

•

Miss Irene Hadley of Sherbourne street left Saturday afternoon to spend her vacation in Goderich and Detroit.

•

Miss Maud Saarr of Huron street is visiting friends in Prince Edward County. Before returning home she will visit the Thousand Islands and Rochester.

•

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Burns returned from their wedding trip last week. Mrs. Burns, assisted by Miss Manning, received a number of friends on Thursday and Friday of last week. Mrs. Burns will be At Home Thursday and Friday of next week, at her residence, 662 Spadina avenue.

•

Mrs. Bendelari and family returned from the seaside on Tuesday last.

•

Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave and children and Miss Cosgrave, who have been spending the summer months at Grimsby Park, returned to the city on Monday last.

•

Mr. R. W. Anderson of Shandon House has returned from a trip to the Adirondack Mountains and the Canoe Camp. Thousand Islands.

•

Miss May Bell and her sister Ruth returned to their home in Montreal on Saturday last, after spending two very pleasant weeks with Mrs. Wm. Scott of Seaton street.

•

The following are at the Penetanguishene: Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. Dugald McMurchy, Mr. W. P. Atkinson, Miss Burton, Miss Darling, Mr. George Bethune, Mr. James Henderson, Mr. Elmes Henderson, Mr. Mayne Campbell of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lloyd and party of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Hood of Hamilton, Mrs. Koenig and family of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Rand and family of Tonawanda, Lieut.-Col. Gilmour, Miss and Mr. Thompson of Toronto, Mr. J. E. Boswell of Cobourg, Messrs. W. E. Parsons, H. D. Fortier, M. M. Kertland of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams of Toronto, Mr. R. M. Robertson of Chicago, Mr. J. T. Wyatt, Master and Miss Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. McLean of Toronto, Messrs. George D. Hayes and Hamilton Wells of Buffalo, Mr. Cramer and Mr. Scribner of Tonawanda.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. John Forsyth gave an At Home on Friday evening, August 30. Quite a number were present and judging from appearances they seemed to have a very gay time. The verandah was hung with Chinese lanterns and flowers and plants were tastefully arranged, making it quite an inviting place for nondancers to enjoy a little tete a tete. Among those present were: Mrs. Hill of Chicago, Miss Crawford of St. Louis, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. F. Hornsby, the Misses Mason, Mr. W. Campbell, the Misses Henderson, Mr. B. Schreiber, Miss Spotton, Miss Jackes of Toronto, Miss Kathleen McCarthy, Mr. W. B. Spry, Miss Lackie of Chicago, Mr. G. Fenwick, Mr. W. A. Ross, Miss Fleming, Miss Holmes, the Misses Stevenson, Mr. Gillett, Miss Harding of Stratford, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. C. H. Crease, Dr. H. Bronson of Marquette, Mich., Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Coffee, Mr. W. A. Cameron and others.

Mrs. Campbell and Miss Tinnie Campbell have returned home from Port Dover, where they spent two weeks, the guests of Mrs. Battesby.

Miss Buchan of Toronto, who has been spending a few weeks at Mrs. H. H. Strathy's of The Hill, returned to the city last Saturday.

Dr. Grasett of Toronto was in town last week.

Miss Ethel Palen of Collingwood was the guest of Mrs. Campbell of Boulderfell for a few days.

Dr. H. Thomson is spending a few weeks at home previous to leaving for the Old Country.

Mr. F. H. Lauder of the Bank of Toronto has returned from his holiday trip.

OCULAIRE.

GODERICH.

One of the most successful dances of the season here was that given on Thursday evening, August 29, at the Boulders, by Miss Start, assisted by her friends, Mrs. J. M. Kilbourne and Miss Kilbourne of Owen Sound. All the well known society faces were present and amongst the guests from a distance I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Mason of New York, the Messrs. Chilton of Washington, Mr. and Miss Wade of Stratford, Mr. Ormiston of Mitchell, Messrs. Coleman and Strong of Seaforth, and Messrs. Combe, Rance and Koelle of Clinton.

•

Messrs. Elliott & Son have just completed the decoration of the main entrances and halls of the Rossin House. They are at present engaged on Harry Webb's new restaurant, corner Yonge and Melinda streets, and the new ceiling for the Bank of Toronto banking room, the latter under the superintendence of Mr. David Roberts, architect.

Art in Dress.

The one button cutaway is much fancied by, and very suitable for, corpulent and short, stout men. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 39 Yonge street.

The Arlington Hotel.

This hotel, which has been built and fitted out during the present season, and is now open to the public, is considered by those competent to judge as one of the finest residential hotels in Canada. Mr. W. H. C. Kerr, the proprietor, has pulled to pieces the old edifice known as the Grand Pacific Hotel, raised the entire structure another story, put on a large addition in the rear and is now forming an immense quadrangle by the erection of a four-story addition to John street. This new wing will be united to the King street front by a lofty tower, which will be an imposing and attractive feature of the eastern approach to the hotel. Along the entire King street front a grand piazza has been constructed, reared on lofty Corinthian columns with finely carved capitals and based on piles of terra cotta brick and Credit Valley stone. Underneath the western wing of the piazza is the ladies' entrance to the hotel, while on the corner of King and John streets the office entrance is similarly reached by an ascent of wide and easy steps. To the right are the beautiful grounds of Upper Canada College. In front of the verandah are fountains and beds of flowers tastefully laid out on a refreshing strip of lawn. On entering the hotel the splendid character of the interior decoration and the convenience of the arrangements charm the visitor.

Chewing Gum Retired Her.

The young ladies who delight in the felicities of chewing gum, and keep their pretty little jaws at work from morning until night in masticating what they can never swallow, had better take warning in time, if they prize their beauty. It appears that a young society belle of this city has so exercised her masticatory muscles that they stick out like the biceps which helped John L. Sullivan win the championship. The young lady has gone into retirement, as her unusual facial development is anything but attractive, and the only prescription that it is possible to give her is the advice "don't move your jaws," which she is endeavoring to fulfil in the seclusion of her home.

Art in Dress.

The peaked lapel and the shawl collar "swallow tail" are the only coats that can be properly worn for evening dress, though the dress sack is perfectly correct for "stag" parties. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 39 Yonge street.

Hydropathy on the Continent.

At a certain establishment the patients are roused at four a.m. to receive a cold shower bath. As a substitute for breakfast: vapor bath followed by cold shower. The menu for dinner is entirely vegetarian. Plunge bath in the afternoon, after which, massage. In the evening, sitz bath, and in the intervals wet and dry rubbings *ad infinitum* with frequent potions of cold water. One of the patients recently complained on the quiet to the head waiter, that he felt himself growing rapidly weaker under this mode of treatment.

"To be sure, sir," was the reply; "you must have an iron constitution to stand it."—*Magedburgische Zeitung.*

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Among the many artists who have received tuition by Signor Rubini, special mention may be made of Madame F. R. Scolidi, who was a pupil of Signor Rubini. When very young she made her debut as prima donna in Florence, taking the part of Amina in Sonnambula. In 1873 she sang at the Teatro Apollo in Rome, and in Barcelona, where she attained much fame and secured large fees. In 1874 she sang at the St. Carlo Teatro in Naples, where she achieved great popularity and admiration. Abroad and all through Europe, Madame Scolidi is regarded as one of the brightest stars in the refined Italian schools of singing, and owes to Signor Rubini her first instruction.

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD - - Manager.

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OBSERVE—Recently in the *Saturday Night* we informed you that our Dances and Music, "La Bronco," "Ripple," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Zieka" and "Gavotte" Lancers, have been adopted by the profession and are taught in 31 cities and towns in the United States, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Galveston (Texas), Chicago, San Francisco, &c., &c. You will therefore readily see that it is to your interest to go to the fountain head for instructions, especially when it can be found right here in Toronto. N.B.—We make a specialty of teaching all legitimate dances of society. Experience, 30 years.

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Births.

EDWARDS—On August 30, at Toronto, Mrs. R. J. Edwards—a daughter.
MACDONALD—On August 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank E. Macdonald—a daughter.
GRINDLAY—On August 31, at Toronto, Mrs. William Grindlay—a son.
GIBSON—On August 26, at Toronto, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson—a son.
MURRAY—On September 3, at Toronto, Mrs. James Murray, jr.—a son.
CLEMENT—On August 26, at Millbrook, Ont., Mrs. George W. Clement—a son.
IRVING—On August 25, at Pembroke, Ont., Mrs. W. C. Irving—a daughter.
KNIGHT—On August 26, at Brownhill, Mrs. J. J. Knight—a daughter.
MACE—On August 29, at Chicago, Mrs. Harry W. Mace—a son.
LYND—On August 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Adam Lynd—a daughter.
HEPTON—On August 31, at Leeds, England, Mrs. Wilfred L. Hepton—a daughter.
DOUGLAS—On September 2, at Sarnia, Mrs. J. C. Douglas—a son.
HOGG—On August 31, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Hogg—a daughter.
KAY—On September 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Geo. Kay—a daughter.

Marriages.

SAWERS—STEPHENS—On August 28, at Toronto, Campbell William Sawers of Peterborough, to Florence Adelaide Stephens of Owen Sound.
GEARING—PROCTOR—On September 2, at Brighton, Sydney B. Gearing to Frankie Irene Caroline Proctor.
SYMONS—THORNBER—On August 28, at Toronto, Herbert C. Symons to Georgie Thornber.
DEACON—SMITH—On September 4, at Cote St. Antoine, P. Q., R. S. Deacon of Toronto, to Florence Smith of Montreal, Que.
NASH—WOODYARD—On September 3, at Toronto, Charles Woodyard of Norfolk, Eng., to Clara E. Nash.
BAUGHMAN—BUTCHART—On September 4, at Guelph, by Rev James Kilgour, Rev. F. W. Baughman, pastor of Division Church of Bowmanville, to Miss M. Butchart.

Deaths.

BOSWELL—On August 28, at Cobourg, George Morse Jukes Boswell, aged 85 years.
LYONS—On August 29, at Toronto, Geo. W. Lyons, of Mobile, Alabama.
FLETCHER—At West Toronto Junction, Joseph Fletcher, aged 9 years.
GRAHAM—On August 29, at Peterborough, William Graham, aged 65 years.
HOLTON—On September 1, at Toronto, Carlton Vincent Bothwell Holton, aged 1 year.
SHARP—On August 28, at Caledon, Mrs. James Sharp, aged 81 years.
CROWE—On July 14, at Nova Scotia, William P. Crowe, aged 69 years.
LAWRENCE—On August 29, at Toronto, William Lawrence, aged 84 years.
BOXSELL—On August 29, at Toronto, Edwin Frederick Boxsell, aged 25 years.
STEWART—On August 29, at Toronto, James Stewart, aged 66 years.
BUGG—On September 2, at Aurora, James Bogg, aged 70 years.
McHENRY—On September 1, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, D. C. McHenry, M.A., aged 68 years.
LAING—On September 1, at Toronto, Lila Laing, aged 22 years.
WALLEN—On September 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Wallen, aged 61 years.
KAISER—On September 1, at Port Rowan, Howard, infant son of J. B. Kaiser, aged 13 months.
LEYS—At Davisville, Mrs. Leys, relict of the late John Leys.
TOMS—On September 3, John Toms, aged 91 years.
HEALEY—On September 3, at Pickering, Mrs. Anne Healey, aged 81 years.
SCOTT—On August 27, at Toronto, A. W. T. Scott, aged 34 years.
MACKLEM—Accidentally drowned while bathing in the Niagara river, Jessie Adelaide Macklem, aged 14 years.
THOMSON—On August 26, at Port Elgin, Mrs. John Thomson, aged 67 years.
BRODRICK—On September 2, at Brockville, Charles Cumberland Brodrick, R.N., aged 66 years.
HAND—At Toronto, James Hand, aged 11 months.
NEWMAN—On September 1, at Schreiber, Edith Ellen Newman, aged 16 years.
THOMPSON—On September 3, at Toronto, Mrs. James Thompson, aged 56 years.
THOMPSON—On September 4, at Toronto, James Campbell Thompson, M.A., aged 87 years.
WRIGHT—On September 4, at Toronto, Allan Mulock Wright, aged 15 months.
BLACK—On September 4, at Toronto, Peter Black, aged 48 years.
PINGLE—On September 4, at Toronto, Joseph E. Pingle, aged 38 years.
LLOYD—On August 18, at Sherbrooke, Mary Rachael McVitt Lloyd.

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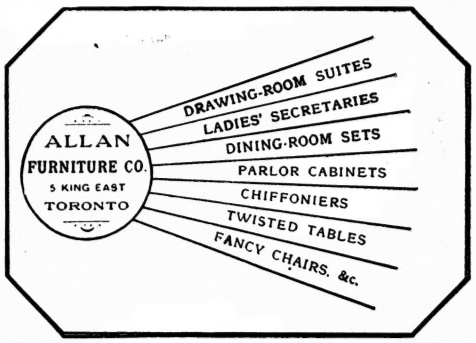

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